

NOVEMBER 24, 1883

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 730.—VOL. XXVIII.

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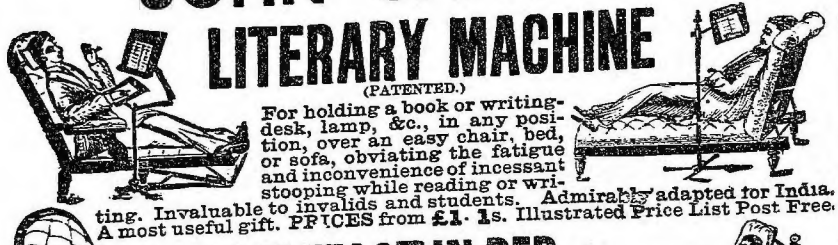
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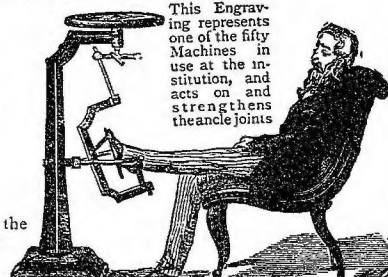
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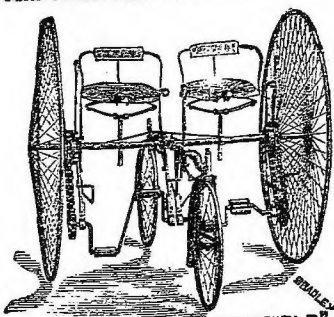
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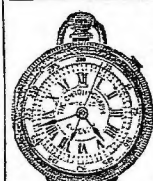
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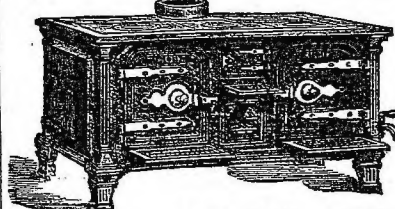
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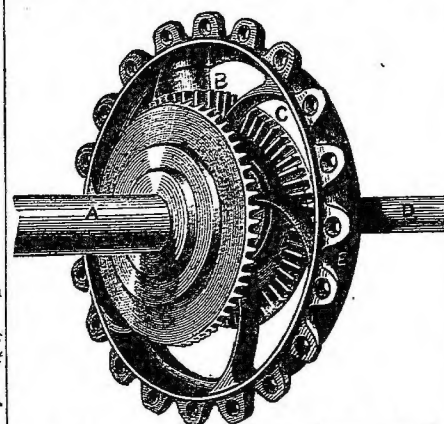
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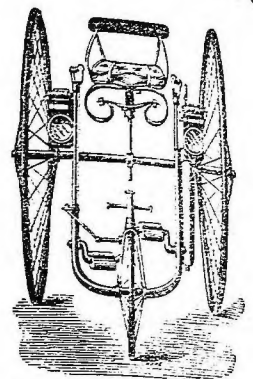
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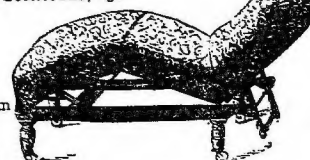
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RÖSING v. ATKINSON.—In the above Action the Honourable Mr. Justice Chitty, on the 10th July, 1883,
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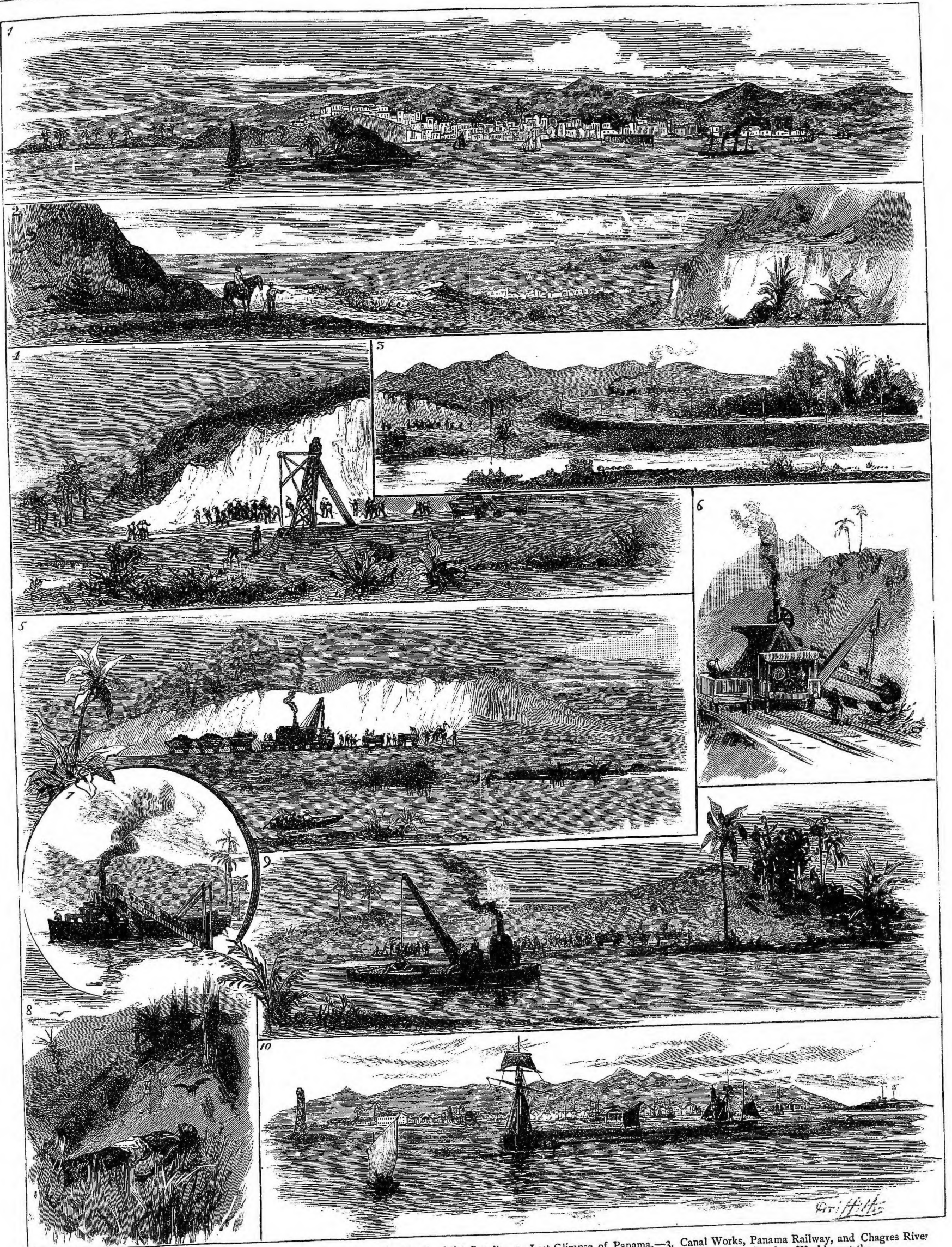
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

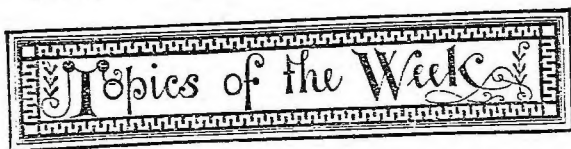
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]



1. City of Panama, the Pacific End of the Canal (The Cross Shows the Mouth of the Canal).—2. Last Glimpse of Panama.—3. Canal Works, Panama Railway, and Chagres River at Culebra.—4. Valley of Buenavista and Canal Works.—5. Cutting at Gatoon and Chagres River.—6. Steam Navy at Work.—7. Dredges Working at the Mouth of the Canal, Colon.—8. The Effect of Malaria.—9. Canal Works and Steam Dredger, Chagres River.—10. Colon, the Atlantic Mouth of the Canal (The Cross Shows the Mouth of the Canal).

FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE ATLANTIC ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA CANAL



THE SOUDAN.—The startling telegram received on Thursday announcing that the expeditionary force had been literally annihilated, will be received in this country with great regret for Hicks Pasha and his gallant comrades. But the very fact that the lives of these brave fellows have been thus sacrificed, constrains us to ask the question, What business have we in the Soudan?—we who solemnly lecture the French for their high-handed proceedings in Tunis, Madagascar, and Tonquin; we who with Boer deputations, and Australian murmurings, and Ilbert Bills already have our Colonial goblet of anxieties filled to the brim? Why are we in the Soudan, a country as big as India, if it can be said to have any definite boundaries? "My dear sir," says some Government apologist, "you are utterly mistaken. Her Majesty the Queen has nothing to do with the Soudan Expedition; it is purely the Khedive's affair; and Hicks Pasha is merely an officer in his Highness's service." Before the bombardment of Alexandria this line of defence was impregnable; the Egyptian Government was then in many respects a really independent Government; but such declarations will not be heeded now. It is the might of England, either open or latent, which sustains Tewfik on his Viceregal throne, and that which Tewfik does he does, in the belief of Europe, with the consent of England. The wonder is that, with the humanitarianism which is so rampant in this country, and of which Mr. Gladstone made such dexterous use when he won his way back to the popularity which he had lost by his vigorous denunciation of the Bulgarian atrocities—the wonder is that no voice has been raised here at home against the invasion of the Soudan by an expedition, which is practically at work under our auspices. The excuse is that they were going to put down the slave trade, but "Chinese" Gordon, who commanded for a time in those regions, soon discovered how hollow were these pretences. The Egyptian dignitaries cared a great deal about conquest and plunder, but very little for the slave trade, of which, like most Orientals, they cannot see the iniquity. The practical question, however, now is, presuming that this dismal news is confirmed, whether our Government ought not at once to countermand the intended withdrawal of our troops from Egypt. A day or two ago, to withdraw seemed an act of rashness; now, if Hicks Pasha and his army have been cut to pieces, it may be an act of madness.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE IRISH FRANCHISE.—Mr. Healy and his friends cannot be blamed for declaring that they will do their best to wreck the forthcoming Reform Bill unless, in the matter of the franchise, Ireland is placed on a level with the rest of the United Kingdom. This announcement places Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues in a dilemma. If they venture to defy the Irish Irreconcilables, a combination of Tories and Home Rulers will possibly cause their Bill for the extension of the suffrage to come to grief; if, on the other hand—as is probable from their previous policy, Kilmainham to wit—they accede to Mr. Healy's demands, they will alienate a good many Reformers on this side of the Channel, who hold that the franchise may be safely extended in England, but not in Ireland. We venture to think that, unless we mean to make Parliamentary Government a mere farce, in such a matter as the franchise all parts of the United Kingdom should be treated exactly alike. Why do Liberals want to extend the franchise in Great Britain? Because they hold that the present restricted suffrage does not produce a House of Commons which reflects the genuine wishes and aspirations of the people. We do not say that this theory is correct; but we do say that if it is correct for England and Scotland it is correct also for Ireland. If Ireland is to be represented in Parliament, we ought to know what she really wants. Better eighty or a hundred Home Rulers in the House than a sham representation which irritates everybody and satisfies nobody. If, however, we find this increased Brigade of Irreconcilables utterly intolerable, there are two alternative plans: either to rule Ireland as a Crown Colony, or to let her manage her own local affairs. We believe that either of these two courses would be better than the present half-and-half system. Meanwhile, if we are going to make Irishmen a present of an unrestricted franchise, is it too much to ask them to abandon these accursed Secret Societies? Such organisations may be excusable under a despotic Government; but free citizens, armed with votes, should be ashamed to stoop to such mediæval contrivances. There was a letter, which seemed to be genuine, published the other day in the *Standard*, vividly showing the atmosphere of slavery, suspicion, and terror in which the luckless members of these conspiracies live. The case of Poole also points a moral which we trust will not be disregarded by his countrymen. Mr. W. H. Smith truly says: "If the people of Ireland were let alone by agitators, they are as amenable to every good and honest influence as any people on the face of the earth. But they are also a warm-hearted, impulsive, and rash people, apt to believe persons who go about inflaming them, telling them they are suffering from grievous wrongs." Again, what Rajah Brooke, speaking of the conspiracy against his uncle

at Sarawak, says of the Chinese, is also applicable to the Irish:—"The Chinese are very easily governed when they are not allowed to form Secret Societies. After the revolt we made it death to any Chinaman afterwards to belong to a Secret Society. That law is still in force, and it is the only safety in dealing with Chinese."

FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY.—All Europe may be said to have been relieved by the retirement of M. Challemlacour from the French Ministry. As a writer he manifests a calm and philosophic temper; but in office he has been restless, ambitious, and arrogant. It would be unjust to throw upon him the whole blame of the recent foreign policy of France, but he has certainly done more than any one else to excite the dislike and suspicion of her most powerful neighbours. Now that the foreign affairs of the country are in the hands of M. Ferry, it may be hoped that they will be directed with more prudence than has been exhibited during M. Challemlacour's term of power. No one supposes that M. Ferry is a statesman of the foremost rank, but he has more self-control than his predecessor, and will, at any rate, not increase the perplexities of his position by rudeness and irritability. It is still doubtful whether France will be able to settle her disputes with China and Madagascar without what would seem to her to be humiliating concessions; but almost all Frenchmen see that they have gained nothing, and have lost much, by the revival of the old aggressive spirit. Even if they secured everything they have demanded both in Madagascar and in Tonquin, they would not profit by their success, since they have ceased to be a colonising people; and they would lessen their power to contend with the formidable difficulties which may still be in store for them in Europe. Moreover, they would alienate England, the only Power from which they could hope to obtain moral support if a quarrel were forced upon them by Germany. The true policy of France is that which she pursued for some years after the Franco-German War; and by returning to it she would add both to her strength and to her dignity.

SOLDIERS' GRIEVANCES.—When we remember that the British soldier's lot is in many respects better than that of his Continental brethren—that his pay even as a private in the Line is higher than a Prussian sergeant-major's, that he is better fed than many French subalterns, that recreation-rooms, reading-rooms, and a number of other comforts are provided for him—it becomes a matter of astonishment that recruits should be so difficult to obtain. But soldiers have some irritating little grievances which make many of them desert; and desertion is further encouraged by the absurd facilities which deserters enjoy for re-enlisting. In this way numbers of vagabonds enter the Army and disgust young men of steady character from becoming soldiers. Officers have long been agreed on the desirability of establishing a Central Dépôt where recruits should be sent for training during the first three months after their enlistment. Here their fitness would be proved, and the country would be saved much expense in being able to weed off young men physically incapable before these had been posted to a regiment and had been supplied with full kits. Moreover, this system would put a stop to fraudulent re-enlistments, for a recruit who had spent several months at the Dépôt would be known there, and if he deserted it would not occur to him to go and place himself in the way of certain recognition. A soldier should not be provided with his full regimental kit until he is known to be fit for military life and a man of fairly good character; but when the time came for giving him his kit it should be bestowed freely, without any deductions of pay for alterations in the clothing and for marking. It is a sore point with soldiers that receiving ready-made clothes which can never fit them without alteration they are taxed for the cost of these alterations; again, the marking of all the articles in the kit is compulsory, but it is the soldier who is made to pay for this marking at the rate of a halfpenny for each article. Then, again, the clothes which a soldier receives are calculated to last him for a certain time, provided he takes good care of them; but as he is made to do dirty fatigues he soon spoils his new clothes, unless he can afford to spend from ten to twenty shillings in buying a fatigue suit. Another grievance of soldiers is that if their uniforms get damaged through no fault of their own, or if they get stolen by some dishonest comrade, they have to buy new ones just as if they had been guilty of wilful damage. A little less routine is wanted on all these points, for routine which makes men decamp from the service on French leave is costly.

RAILWAY FACILITIES IN LONDON.—When railways first began to be constructed they were regarded as nuisances—unavoidable, perhaps, but nevertheless necessary nuisances. In London especially they were strictly relegated to the outskirts. Young persons probably are scarcely aware that such termini as Euston and King's Cross, which now appear central, were, in the memory of elderly men, quite suburban. It makes one groan in spirit to think of the money we have squandered and the conveniences we have lost through our early prejudices about railways. There are enough lines now existing within ten miles of St. Paul's to give every part of London sufficient railway accommodation if they had only been laid down on a systematic plan. It is useless to bewail the irrevocable past, but we may make up for past shortcomings. The Inner and Outer Circle Railways are

efforts in this direction, but they are very imperfect efforts. About the Inner Circle there is little which is circular except its name, as any one will find who essays the journey from Gower Street to Charing Cross by rail rather than by cab or omnibus. The proposed Parks Railway is a commendable attempt to bridge over the locomotiveless gaps which exist between North and South London. Even it is rather circuitous, proceeding, as it does, from Edgware Road to Westminster, *via* Hyde, Green, and St. James's Parks; but it cuts off a considerable corner. The peculiarity of this line is that it passes almost entirely through, or rather under, Crown property. Stringent rules have been laid down on the part of the Government that no damage or disfigurement should accrue to the parks. This is quite right and proper; but is it impossible to ventilate a tunnel without causing external disfigurement? As we have never been disposed to join in the crusade against the much-abused blow-holes, the manner in which the *Standard* speaks of the Parks Railway is rather amusing. "Neither in the tunnels, nor indeed in any public thoroughfare, is there to be ventilator or air-hole of any kind. This is reassuring." Reassuring to whom, we should like to know? To the millions of passengers who, for default of a supply of fresh air, will be half choked by the sulphurous fumes which are still so noticeable on the Underground between Gower Street and King's Cross? This can hardly be. Better, we say, a few blow-holes in the parks, even if they be eyesores, than that thousands of people should daily endure discomfort and risk of ill-health. But it would be easy enough to ventilate the railways thoroughly and at the same time to make the ventilating shafts ornaments rather than disfigurements. We are always putting up statues and memorials to various more or less deserving deceased persons. Why not combine the *utile* and *dulce*, commemorate a worthy, and at the same time purify the atmosphere of the underworld below the turf of the parks?

"PROGRESS AND POVERTY."—Socialistic writers constantly maintain that although the wealth of the world has vastly increased in modern times the working classes are not better-off than they were. The late Karl Marx, indeed, contended that while the rich are becoming richer the poor are becoming more and more poor; and this opinion has been set forth with much eloquence in Mr. George's well-known book. A more depressing view could not be conceived; and if it were shown to be true, Socialism would almost inevitably make rapid progress. But is it true? The subject was elaborately discussed by Mr. Giffen in his address at the opening of the winter session of the Statistical Society; and if Socialists read his paper, even they must begin to doubt whether, after all, the position of Karl Marx and Mr. George can be made good. Mr. Giffen did not devote much of the time at his disposal to abstract speculation, but the facts he adduced were more impressive than any amount of philosophical theory. In the first place, as regards the duration of life, Mr. Giffen was able to show that on the average men and women in England live several years longer now than they did some time ago; and this change could certainly not have taken place if the material prosperity of the nation had benefited only one class. Again, the consumption of articles of luxury, especially of tea and coffee, by the community as a whole, has enormously increased; and the attendance of children at school has grown more than tenfold within a very short period. Forty years ago, when the population was only about half of what it is now, there were more than twice as many criminals as there are at present; and pauperism has also become a less formidable evil. Mr. Giffen calculates that in fifty years the wages of the working classes have doubled, and that if the return of capital had been augmented at the same rate, the aggregate income returned to the income-tax would now be 800 instead of 400 millions. All this does not prove that English society is in a thoroughly satisfactory condition; but it does indicate that the best way to solve the problems which remain is not, as the Socialists insist, to break wholly with the past, but to develop the methods by which so many difficulties have been already overcome.

TURBULENT UNDERGRADUATES.—The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford has had to inflict a fine of 10*l.* on some undergraduates who had been guilty of an offence which used once to be described as "dusting a bobby," but which in these days is no longer spoken of in jocular terms. A spiteful assault committed by several young men upon a solitary policeman is, in fact, not a funny thing at all; but it is a comfort to observe that such unmanly freaks have grown comparatively rare of late years. It is a wonder how anybody could have been found to accept the office of watchman in those times, not so very remote, when beating the watch was part of a gay young gentleman's evening's amusement. Canning, writing a stilted, dutiful letter to his uncle from Oxford, mentioned quite casually that, returning from a political debate at the coffee-house, he and six friends had fallen in with two watchmen, who, as a result of this encounter, *turps solum tetigere mento*. Even the decorous Charles Greville tells us how, after dining at White's, he had a spar with some Charlies in the Haymarket, and scampered home, leaving his hat in their possession, when they had sprung their rattles and got reinforcements. These were discreditable traits in English

THE GRAPHIC

THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.
READY DECEMBER 3.

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INSTEAD OF ONE AS HERETOFORE.

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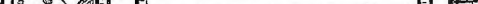
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The THIRTY-FIFTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION of FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS, will be held at the Crystal Palace, London, on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, and 1st December. Admission to witness the exhibition is free.

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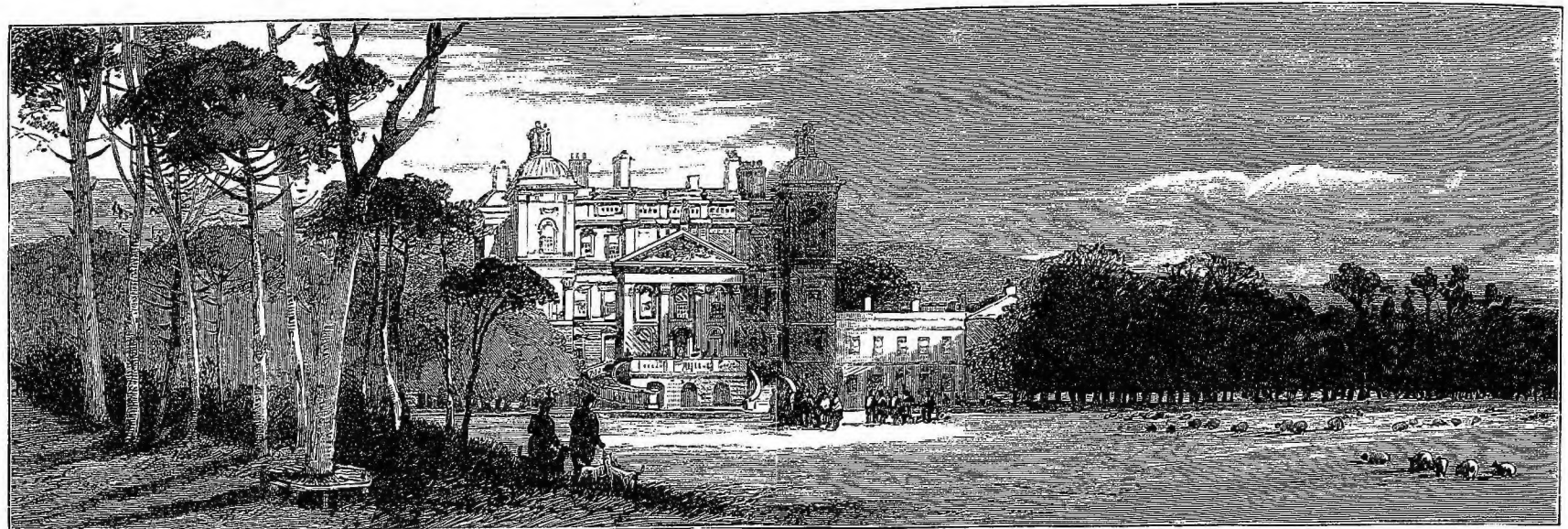
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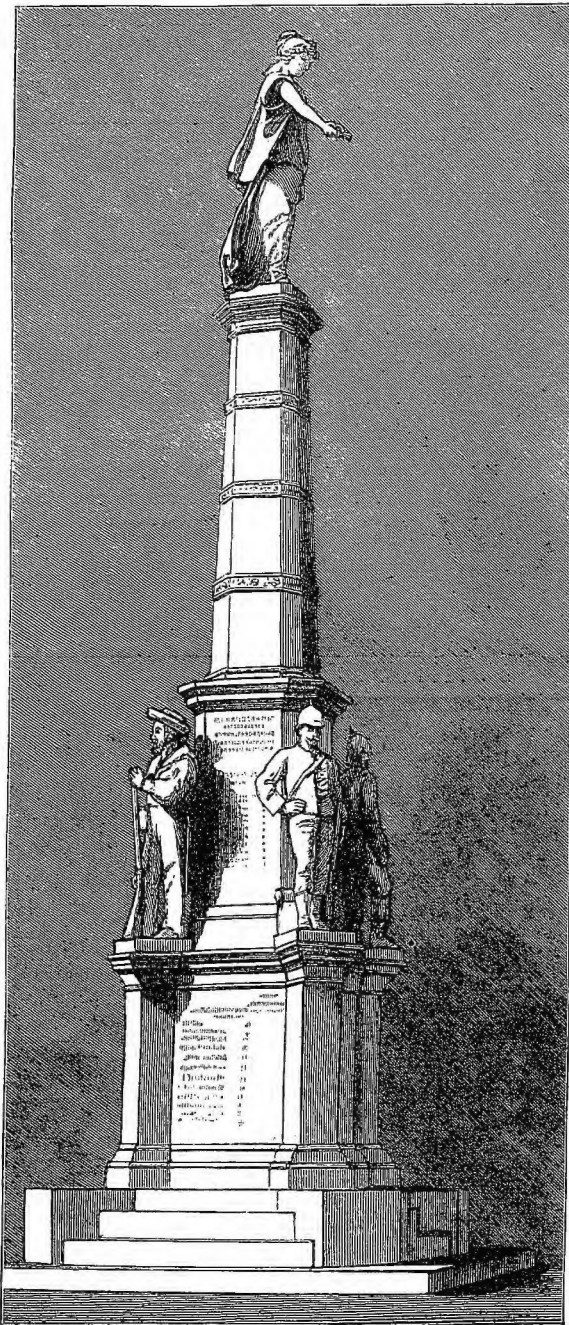
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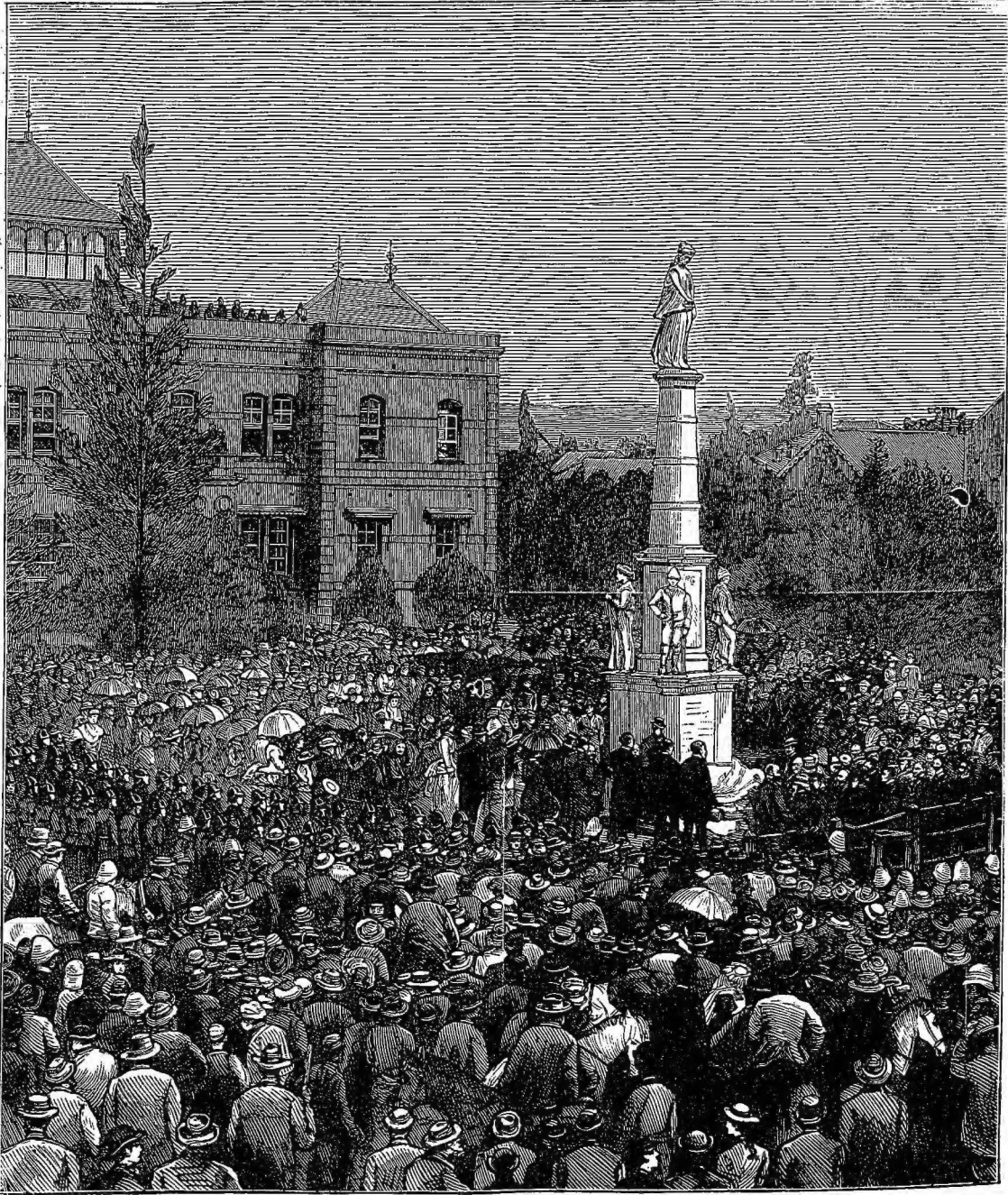
THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN—SUAKIM, ON THE RED SEA, NEAR WHICH PLACE COLONEL MONCRIEFF'S REINFORCEMENTS FOR HICKS PASHA HAVE BEEN CUT TO PIECES



DUFF HOUSE, BANFF, SCOTLAND, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF FIFE, LATELY VISITED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

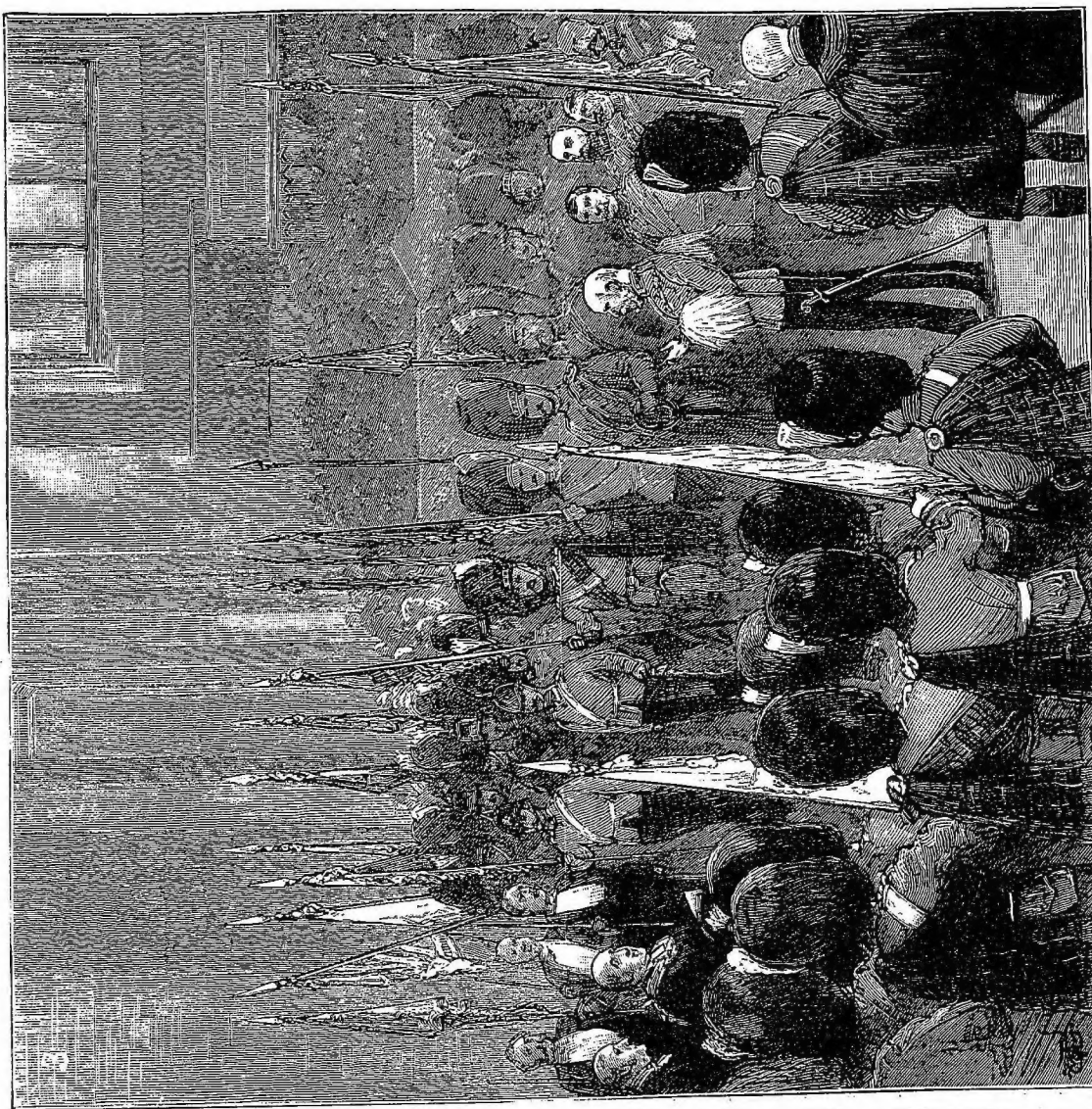
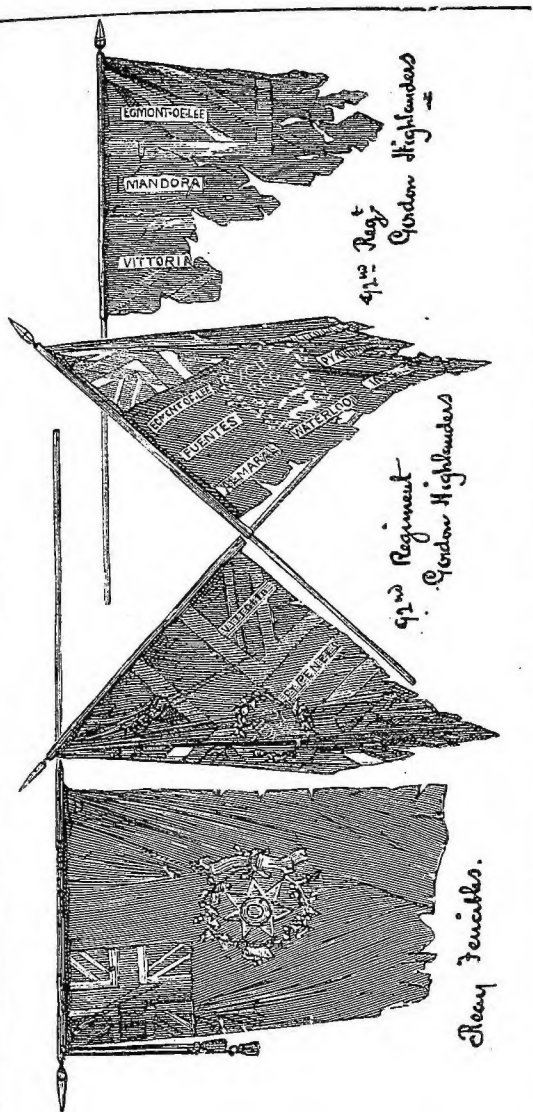


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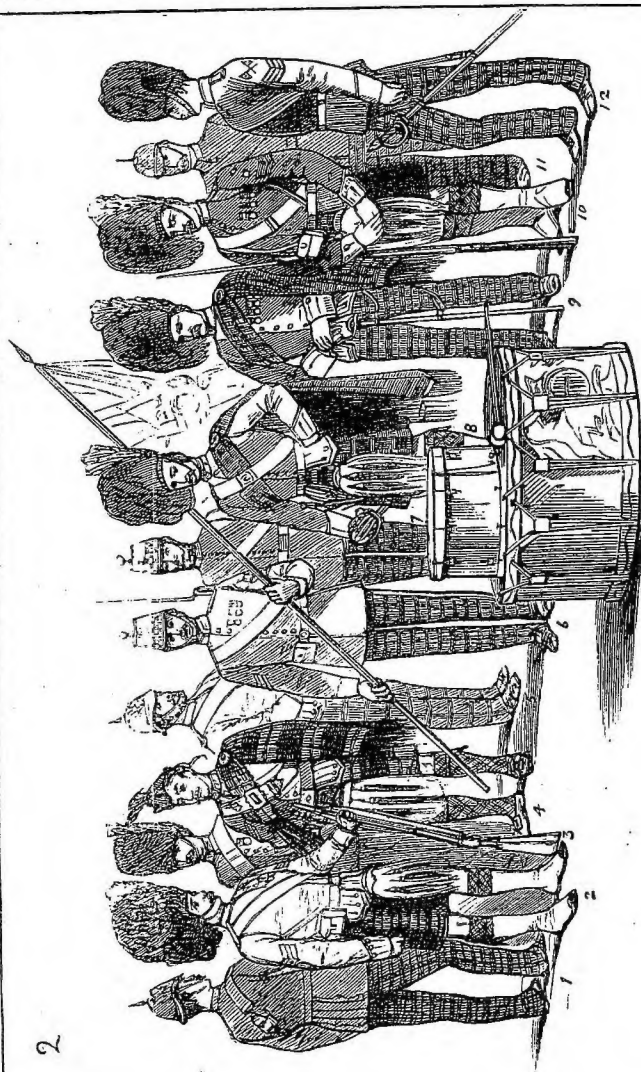
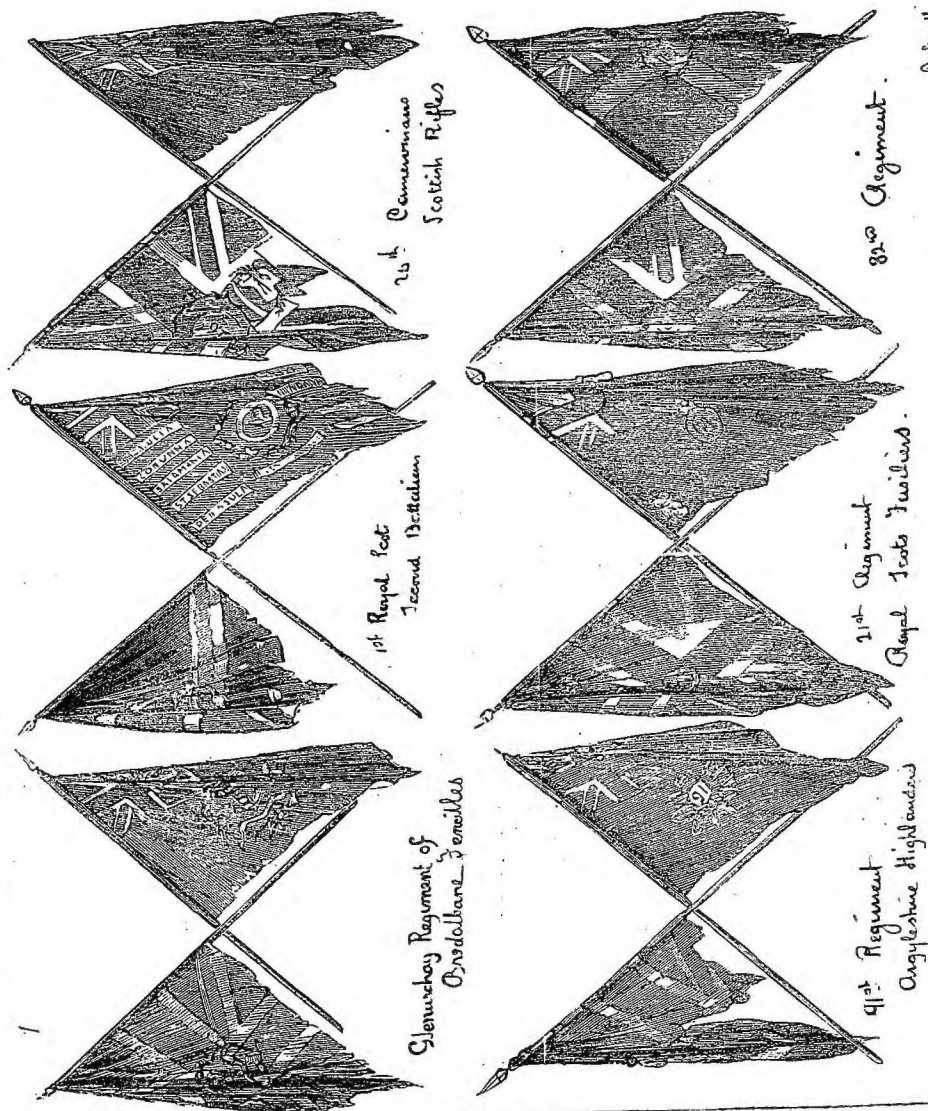


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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "SUMMER at the CAPE of GOOD HOPE—AFTERNOON TEA on the STOEP."



THE PANAMA CANAL

CONSIDERING the magnitude of the undertaking, and the great boon which will be conferred on navigation by its construction, the works of the Panama Canal which are now being so vigorously carried on are attracting singularly little attention in England. The visit of M. de Lesseps has certainly excited a great interest in the Suez Canal; but the majority of Englishmen have a very vague notion of the progress of the rival waterway in the Western Hemisphere, which its promoter assures us will join two oceans in a couple of years' time. Our illustrations are from sketches by Dr. E. J. Mulligan, of the Royal West India Mail Service, from whose journal we have condensed the following particulars.

The distance from ocean to ocean is about fifty miles, and with the prospect of passing swamps, through valleys and rocky defiles, and over mountains, the farewell sight of Panama and the Pacific, seen through the transparency of the bluish mist, reflecting the golden rays and rosy tints of a tropical sun, is a most imposing spectacle. Panama is in every respect a superior place to the Atlantic terminus, Colon. The ruins of the old Spanish city, which dates from 1593, may be seen outside the present town in the form of marble fragments, moss-clad columns, and huge pieces of masonry—reminding one of the buccaneer exploits of Drake, Morgan, and L'Oleñois, who so frequently attacked the city and carried off the merchants' gold and treasure. The present town contains a quaint old cathedral, and the inhabitants are of a higher type than the Colonese, there being several literary and scientific societies. The bay, with its fairy-looking islets, is not unworthy of comparison with the Bay of Naples. The Pacific mouth of the Canal will open to the northwards of the city. On the Atlantic side the Canal will open about a mile northwards of Colon.

The scenery of the Isthmus throughout the route of the railway and the Canal works is generally picturesque. One attractive characteristic is the richness and beauty of the glades and vistas of luxurious tropical vegetation; an additional feature of loveliness is seen in the variety and richness of the flowers which grow on all sides, as clusters of crimson, white, and blue blossoms crown the trailing plants, and orchids, parasites, marsh lilies, ferns, and purple-topped osiers grow together, forming a kind of floral paradise. Although such a happy-looking land the Isthmus is really a "Valley of the Shadow of Death," owing to the terrible fatal effects of the malaria amongst the labourers. As shown in one of the sketches the dead body of a negro may occasionally be found who has succumbed to fatigue, hunger, and fever. As if by instinct, flocks of sombre-looking turkey-buzzards appear on the scene—Nature's scavengers. The Chagres River, the railway, and the Canal meet at various points of the Isthmus, occasionally run along side of each other, diverge and come together again, as at Culebra—a station eight miles from Panama, and thirty-seven from Colon, and where the scenery is exceedingly picturesque, but the climate malarious and depressing.

Another sketch represents the valley of Buenavista, where great advance has been made in cutting and clearing wood, blasting rocks, and laying down a line of rails. It was there last June that a gang of the negro labourers came into collision with some new comers, a desperate encounter was the result, and fifty persons were killed. Gatoon, like the last-named place, promises to become a special station. It is about ten miles from Colon, and close to the Chagres River, and is the principal *dépôt* of all the mechanical appliances. At this place there is one of the great steam-excavators at work.

M. de Lesseps' energetic staff of engineers are at present busily engaged in excavating, boring, and mining operations, with vast machines of the most intricate description, working at different points on the slopes and elevated positions. Gangs of labourers also, numbering from fifty to three hundred, can be seen slicing the hill sides into miniature precipices, forming terraces and roads, laying down sleepers, and cutting passes through dense forests. Workshops are erected at Colon, where the massive segments of machinery which are continually landed from Belgium are placed together. There the incessant ring of hammers is heard day and night, furnaces are glowing, and riveters are welding huge plates together. Colon is the Atlantic outlet of the Canal; but it is not an attractive resting-place for travellers, being an unimposing, unhealthy, dirty locality; but it is interesting because it is the spot where Columbus is supposed to have landed. From the sea it presents the appearance of a range of straggling irregular buildings on a low sandy beach, with landing-stages jutting out into the water. The houses are of wood, and gaudily painted; and provided, in the Spanish style, with verandahs and balconies. The streets are filthy, and are chiefly remarkable for the tobacco and grog shops, American drinking saloons, and low gambling-houses. The great body of inhabitants are mere desperadoes, the dregs of the Colombian States, who perpetrate crime without fear of punishment. However, the natives met with in crossing the Isthmus are happy of a different class, and may be seen selling provisions and refreshments to the labourers of the Canal, such as grapes, bananas, eggs, cocoa-nuts, melons, &c. They are of a mixed Indian and Spanish type, with austere expression, long thin features, keen eyes. The women are simply attired, and generally display a profusion of black glistening hair, falling over the shoulders in two large braided plaits reaching down to the hips. The natives are inoffensive and affable if unmolested, but savage and revengeful if injured.

THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION

See page 515.

DUFF HOUSE, BANFF

LAST week the Prince of Wales paid a visit to the Earl of Fife at Duff House, and there were consequently great rejoicings in Banff and Macduff. Thousands of visitors poured from the surrounding districts into Banff, the streets of which were elaborately decorated. Two processions were organised at Banff and Macduff respectively, and in the evening of the day of the Prince's arrival there were bonfires and banquets. H.R.H. stayed from the 13th to the 17th inst., when he returned to Sandringham.

When seen near enough for the elaborate ornamentation to be discernible, Duff House is found to be in a high degree rich, graceful, and majestic. The mansion is built of freestone, in the Roman style, and forms an oblong square, four storeys in height. It is abundantly ornamented both back and front "with vases, capitals, and turrets gay." It was built about the year 1740 by Lord Braco, afterwards created Viscount Macduff and Earl of Fife, from designs by one of the brothers Adams, the famous architects, commonly known as the Adelphi, an appellation which has survived in the title of a theatre and terrace hard by the Thames. The chief apartments in Duff House are large and lofty. The library walls

are covered with one of the most extensive and valuable collections of pictures in Scotland, including several works by Van Dyck and Reynolds. We have borrowed the foregoing particulars from a guide-book to Banff, published by George Bremner, Old Market Place.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. Bremner.

THE ZULU WAR MEMORIAL AT PIETERMARITZBURG

As far back as the memorable year 1879 it was proposed by the Colonists of Natal to do honour to the brave soldiers who had fallen on the field of Isandhlwana and elsewhere during the Zulu War. Troublous times, however, again supervened, the Boer war broke out, and for a while the project slumbered. When peace, however, was re-established the Memorial once more came to the front, and a Committee was appointed, who decided that the Memorial should take the form of a monument. The execution of the work was entrusted to Messrs. Jesse Smith and Son, who made arrangements with their agents in Leghorn, Italy, and the Memorial was safely landed in their yard early in August without any breakage.

After considerable discussion a site was chosen within the Court Garden railings, at the corner of Church Street and Commercial Road. The base, which is made of local white stone, leads to the base of the first pedestal, which, like the rest of the column, is of polished Sicilian marble. On the abutting caps of the second pedestal stand four life-size figures, representing respectively a Natal Carbineer, a soldier of the Line, a man of the Naval Brigade, and of the Native Contingent. Above this is a slender column 12 feet high, crowned by a figure representing Peace and Victory. The height of the whole is 35 feet. There are four inscriptions, let in in imperishable lead, bearing the names of all those who fell. There were 53 officers and 882 non-commissioned officers and privates, besides 78 Natal colonists.

The ceremony of unveiling took place on Thursday, October 11. The day began with a hot wind and clouds of dust, but afterwards became much cooler. The Governor of Natal, Sir H. E. Bulwer, made an excellent speech in reply to the address of the Memorial Committee, and then drew the fixing cord, uncovering the cloth which till then concealed the monument. We abridge the foregoing from an account in the *Natal Witness*.—Our engravings are from photographs by Henry Kisch, of Pietermaritzburg.

SCOTTISH REGIMENTAL COLOURS AT ST. GILES'S HIGH CHURCH, EDINBURGH

No opportunity is being missed of making St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, worthy of its position as the representative church of Scotland. Already its walls are enriched with tablets dedicated to the memory of distinguished Scotsmen; and on Wednesday, November 14th, it received a further ornamentation by the presentation of a number of old Scottish regimental colours. A committee had been formed for the purpose, under the chairmanship of Major-General Alastair Macdonald, and to its exertions were due the gift of fifteen stands of colours, with the promise of the reversion of five other stands as soon as they get too old for use. The expense of the movement has been entirely defrayed by voluntary contributions.

A Royal salute, fired from the Castle guns, announced to the citizens of Edinburgh that the Duke of Cambridge, who was to take the chief part in the ceremony, had arrived. The procession of colours was formed shortly before 3 p.m. The line of route was densely thronged by cheering crowds. The party of standard-bearers first marched to the hall of the Signet Library, where some time was spent in inspecting the colours. Meanwhile the interior of the old church presented an unusually brilliant and striking appearance, the uniform of the military relieving the "sober livery" of the civilians and the grey monotony of the walls. The members of the Cathedral Board of St. Giles walked in procession to the west door to meet the colours, which they escorted up the nave to the transept, where the torn and fragmentary colours were ranged in two piles. At this moment the strains of the National Anthem announced the arrival of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, with a distinguished military following.

Then began a short service of prayer and praise. At the conclusion of the hymn, "Lord of all power and might," the Duke of Cambridge proceeded to the spot where the colours were deposited, and in a suitable speech presented them to the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees. "God save the Queen" followed; next a spirit-stirring address from Dr. Lees; and then a hymn, an anthem, and the Benediction. At the end of the proceedings the bearers of the flags placed them on stands round the bases of the transept pillars.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL

PRINCE CHARLES, Duke of Braganza, Crown Prince of Portugal, was born September 28th, 1863. He has been making what our forefathers used to call the "Grand Tour" of Europe, and, after visiting the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Brussels, has come for a short stay to England. Much attention has been recently attracted to Prince Charles in political circles owing to the rumour that he was likely to marry the Grand Duchess Marie Valérie, the youngest daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and owing to the late political outburst in certain circles against the King, which raised a rumour that His Majesty might possibly eventually abdicate in favour of the Crown Prince. Last week the Prince stayed with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, and subsequently with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park. He has diligently visited the sights of London, and is going down to Portsmouth on Monday to inspect the Dockyard. He will stay with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar during his visit. As usual with foreign princes the Prince was endowed with a number of names in addition to his official designation Charles—to wit, Ferdinand, Louis, Marie, Victor, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Gonzague, Xavier, François-d'Assise, Joseph, Simon de Braganza, Savoie, Bourbon, Saxe Coburg Gotha.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hansen and Weller, Ostergade, Copenhagen.

THE HAYTI INSURRECTION

THE Haytian insurrection still continues, but a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing on October 18th, writes that, thanks to the energy displayed by the British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. H. T. Carew Hunt, tranquillity reigns over what was left of the city after the pillage and fire of September 22nd. The sailors and marines who were landed from the British, French, and Spanish men-of-war had returned on board their respective ships. No confidence was felt in President Salomon's Government, which was hard pressed for money, and had pledged the island of Gonaïve with the bankers for more funds. Numerous claims were being put forward by foreign subjects, but the outrage on the British flag (when the steamer *Alps* was fired upon) has been settled by prompt compliance with the terms demanded and accentuated by the presence of H.M.S. *Dido*—an apology to the British Government, a salute to the British flag, and an indemnity of 600*l.* to the Atlas Steamship Company. There was considerable talk of seeking a protectorate from the United States or France. The mere idea of the latter contingency has aroused much wrath in the bosoms of our American cousins. Our sketches are by a naval officer. Miragoâne is in the possession of the rebels, and is about 45 miles west of Port au Prince. It was bombarded by the Government troops on October 2nd. Jacmel is also a rebel town, and is about 23 miles south of the capital. It is defended by 20 guns, and is surrounded by Government troops. Occasional skirmishes take place between the rebel outpost, which is at the western extremity of the town, close to the shore, and the

Government outpost about a mile farther on—the troops being encamped among the surrounding hills. On September 17th an attack made by Government troops lasted six hours, and resulted in their taking the outlying forts from the rebels. A subsequent attack placed the forts once more in the possession of the rebels—the last in the two engagements amounting to 300 Government troops and 70 rebels. The town is built on a small hill, and the attacks are made from the valley in the rear. *La Patria* (formerly the *Elle*) is a vessel of 1,500 tons, and was bought from the R.M.S.P. Company by the rebels for 21,000 dols. They have placed one 60-pounder Parrott gun in the bow, and two 14-pounder Parrott guns on the quarter. The steamer *Elle* is being bought by the Hayti Government from an American firm, who, however, decline to surrender her without money down. She carries two 60-pounder Parrott guns, one heavy shell gun, and four smaller guns.

"OLD CHELSEA AND YOUNG CHELSEA"

THIS picture may be said to depict our soldiers of the past and of the future, as, on the one hand, we have a view of army pensioners from the Chelsea Hospital, and on the other some boys belonging to the band of the Royal Military Asylum. This institution is usually known as the Duke of York's School, having been founded by H.R.H. in 1801. In the selection of boys for admission, preference is given (1) to orphans, (2) to those whose fathers have been killed or have died in foreign service; (3) to those who have lost their mothers, and whose fathers are absent on duty abroad; (4) to those whose fathers are ordered on foreign service, or whose parents have other children to maintain. There are generally as many as 250 names on the list of candidates for a admission, and 180 fresh boys are admitted annually. They enter at ten years old, and leave at fourteen or fifteen, unless they remain in the band or as monitors, to be ultimately appointed schoolmasters. During the ten years ending December 31st, 1881, 772 of the boys whose time had expired enlisted into the army, 17 remained as monitors, 197 were delivered to their friends, 48 were found unfit for military service, and of them 30 were apprenticed to trades, and 18 delivered to friends. A capital industrial training is given to these boys, and in every respect the Duke of York's School is a most useful and admirable institution.—Our artist's sketch has been assisted by photographs taken by Mr. C. Hinxman, of the War Office.

CHINA—VIEWS IN SHANGHAI

ONE of our illustrations depicts the lading of tea steamers with the first crop of teas at Hankow preparatory to the great ocean race to England. Another gives a view of the Shanghai racecourse and Grand Stand. This is from a photograph taken during the spring meeting. The course is one of the best in the world, being perfectly flat, and a mile and a quarter round. Some years ago racing in Shanghai was a very expensive amusement, as British cattle and jockeys were then imported. Now, however, this is no longer the case, and racing is within the reach of many comparatively small purses. The China pony is the only animal which now appears upon the course, and only gentlemen riders are allowed. As the ponies are bought quite wild at auction sales of herds brought direct from Mongolia, and are purchased without trial, few know what sort of steeds they possess until the trial "pow" or gallop which takes place just after the sale, when it not unfrequently turns out that the cheapest purchase has been the best. The training of these little rough animals—none over fourteen hands—is then proceeded with for about two months. Then the cheapest animal often sweeps "the meeting," and makes quite a fortune for his lucky possessor. The races for "griffins," as ponies are called which have never been raced before, are numerous, and as a rule cause the greatest excitement—there being sometimes as many as forty starters for the "Griffins' Plate," commonly known in the East as "The Maidens."

MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN GILL

AT the time of the interment of the remains of the unfortunate members of Professor Palmer's exploration party in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in April last, a desire was expressed to perpetuate the memory of Captain Gill, R.E., one of the ill-fated company, by the establishment of Scholarships at Brighton College, where he was educated. An influential committee was formed, with the Duke of Cambridge at its head, and the result has been that three scholarships have been founded called the Gill Scholarships, available for sons of officers in the army. A memorial tablet has also been placed in the chapel of Brighton College, and was unveiled on the 16th inst. The tablet bears the following inscription:—"This is erected to the memory of Captain William John Gill, a pupil here from 1856 to 1861. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1864. An adventurous journey in Northern Russia, 1873, developed his capacity for exploration. Some years later he undertook an expedition to China, with the view of penetrating its western frontier by routes not before traversed, and succeeded in making his way through Eastern Tibet to Talifu, and thence in the footsteps of his schoolfellow, Augustus Raymond Margary, to Bhamo, on the Irawadi River. Being attached to the Intelligence Department of the War Office he made several hazardous journeys to collect valuable information for the public service. In 1882, during the British intervention in Egypt, he was despatched by Government on special duty to the Suez Canal, and having proceeded into the desert of Sinai, in company with Professor E. H. Palmer and Lieutenant H. Charrington, R.N., the three were captured by an overpowering force of Bedouins and murdered on August 11, 1882. His remains, with those of his companions, were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral on April 6, 1883, where a memorial tablet has been placed by their country in commemoration of their services, and untimely deaths. He was a good friend, a good soldier, and a most enterprising and accomplished traveller." The ceremony of unveiling the tablet took place shortly after noon, when the chapel was crowded, those present including the Earl of Chichester, President of the College, the Rev. T. H. Belcher, Principal; the Rev. J. H. Newton, Vice-Principal; General Sir Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., Col. Yule, C.B., and the Mayor of Brighton (Alderman Cox). A hymn having been sung and an address delivered by the Rev. J. Griffith, LL.D., formerly Principal of the College, the Earl of Chichester called upon General Sir Lintorn Simmons to unveil the memorial. Sir Lintorn Simmons having drawn up a large Union Jack which had covered the tablet, said that it had been erected to keep alive the memory of a distinguished fellow-countryman who died the death of a soldier in the service of his Queen and country, in the prime of his life, but not before he had done that which would cause his name to be revered in future days. The gallant general then observed that Captain Gill, after he had passed some years of his military career in foreign parts, came into a fortune quite large enough to enable him to live independently of his profession. Many a young man would, in the circumstances, have given himself up to dissipation and frivolous, selfish pursuits, but Captain Gill ever looked upon wealth as a trust committed to him by God to be used for His glory, and for the benefit of his fellow-men. Alluding to Captain Gill's great love of truth, which produced scrupulous and undeniable accuracy in his work, in his surveys of hitherto unknown countries, and his records of their inhabitants, the speaker remarked that this high quality had conduced more to the success of Captain Gill's travels than the science and skill with which he was richly endowed. At the conclusion of the gallant general's remarks a hymn was sung, and the Benediction, pronounced by the Principal, closed the proceedings.

AFTERNOON TEA AT THE CAPE

A METEOROLOGIST might roughly estimate the average temperature of any country by examining the verandahs attached to the houses. The bigger they are, the warmer the probable climate. In chilly England, where the sun scarcely ever inconveniences us, except by his frequent invisibility, the verandahs are poor, skimpy affairs, as a rule little better than balconies; in France they are broader and deeper, and a more ordinary appendage to a house; in Spain and Italy they are still bigger, and more universal; till, when we enter the tropics, the verandah is usually the most important part of the house, the interior being chiefly used for siestas by day and for slumbers by night. Cape Town lies within the sub-tropical zone; it has a prolonged, though, owing to the proximity of the Southern Ocean, not an excessively oppressive summer, and therefore its verandahs are hospitably wide and massive. Locally they are termed "stoeps," from a Dutch word which has the same meaning and derivation as our "step." In New York, which, in spite of successive waves of emigration, still retains some traces of its Knickerbocker origin, it is a favourite amusement on warm summer evenings for the family and their friends to sit on the "stoep" (the word is thus spelt in America), which is there literally the outdoor flight of steps. But at the Cape the "stoep" (pronounced stoop) is a raised platform built out in front of the house, and forming during the summer season by far the most eligible living-room, as there is fresh air, shelter from the sun, and an unobstructed view of the world outside. Five o'clock tea is thus partaken on the "stoep," and the sight at this season of the year makes the fog-ridden Londoner long to get on board of a Cape steamer and visit the southern extremity of "the Dark Continent."—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Hoff Street, Cape Town.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 521.

GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES

ALTHOUGH so much has been written about Athens, there is one striking feature which has been little noticed. This is the beautiful colours of the Parthenon and Erechtheum, the soft mellow yellow which is due to age, and which gives these buildings when lighted by the setting sun, and framed by the purple hills beyond, the appearance of temples of gold.

Until A.D. 1687 the Parthenon remained almost perfect, and then, not age, but a shell from the Venetians, falling upon Turkish powder, made a rent which, when seen from below, makes it look like two temples.

The Temple of Theseus is the best preserved, and one of the oldest of the buildings of ancient Athens. It was founded in B.C. 469, and is a small, graceful, and perfect Doric Temple. Having served as a Christian Church, dedicated to St. George, it escaped injury. It contains the beautiful and celebrated tombstone of Ariston, the warrior of Marathon.

All that remains of Hadrian's great Temple to Zeus (A.D. 132) are a few standing columns in an open space, which are imposing from their isolated position.

The monument of Philopappus is thought to have been begun A.D. 110, and for a King in Asia Minor.

The Tower of the Winds, erected by Andronicus Cyrrhestes about B.C. 100, contained a weathercock, a sun-dial, and a water clock. It is an octagonal building, with reliefs on the frieze, representing by appropriate figures the eight winds into which the Athenian compass was divided.

In the Street of Tombs the monuments are lying or standing as they were found; each year shows many changes in Athens, a tomb last year in the Ceramicus may be this year in a museum. There is a great similarity in all these tombstones; no doubt they were made beforehand, as they seldom suggest the idea of a portrait. They generally represent an almost heroic leave-taking. The friends standing in the act of saying farewell are receiving presents from the dead; often in the corner is a crouching slave, and frequently a dog.

Beyond the river Kephissus, the hill of Colonus, and the groves of the Academy, is the Pass of Daphne, which was the road to Eleusis, and along which passed the annual sacred processions in the days of the Mysteries. Cut there in the rock are the niches for the votive offerings. This dark Daphne Pass seems still to possess an air of mystery which is truly in keeping with the rites which were once observed there.

From several points in Athens, on very clear days, may be seen the great rock fort, Acrocorinthus, which is directly above the site of ancient Corinth. It is now a deserted fort; the Turkish draw-bridge and gate stand open and unused. There are on it remains of a Turkish town; at one time it was one of the strongest and most important citadels in Greece. In the middle of the almost deserted, wretched, straggling village of Old Corinth stand seven enormous massive columns. These are all that remain of the Temple, and indeed of ancient Corinth. The pillars, of the Doric order, are of a brown limestone, not of the country. The Turks and earthquakes have destroyed Old Corinth, and driven the inhabitants to New Corinth, about one hour and a half's drive from the Gulf.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, it is announced, will read a paper "On Our Relations with Canada and Great Colonies" at the meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday, December 11.

THE STREAM OF POLITICAL AND OTHER ORATORY has continued to flow pretty equably. An evening meeting at Reading on Thursday closed the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's return for that borough. Referring in his speech to the housing of the poor of London, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre expressed his opinion that much might be done by carrying into effect the provisions of the Ministerial measure of last year—with the conduct of which he himself had been charged—as well as those of Mr. Torrens' Act. But, he added, the best means for applying a remedy to the evil would be to give London a good Municipal Government, in which the ratepayers were directly represented. The subject was also adverted to by the Postmaster-General, who addressed the meeting after Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Mr. Fawcett grouped the demands on the national and local revenue which the growing interest in the social condition of the people were producing, and of which the provision of better house accommodation was only one, asking whether it was right that perpetually-increased drafts should be made on the hard-won earnings of the provident in order, in too many cases, to help the improvident.—On Friday Mr. W. E. Forster presided and spoke at a meeting in the Cannon Street Hotel, called to consider the questions discussed by the Leeds Conference, but with special reference to the urgency for a reform of the Municipal Government of London. He also referred to the housing of the London poor, and praised Lord Salisbury for drawing attention to it. But he, too, thought that before it could be dealt with effectively a great London Municipality must be created. Mr. Forster surmised that next Session the

Government would first introduce a County Franchise Bill and then a London Municipality Bill. He suggested that the latter measure should be referred to a Grand Committee of the House of Commons. The metropolis had not, in his opinion, anything like its proper share of parliamentary representation; and on the subject of redistribution, so far at least as London is concerned, Mr. Forster, it is evident, unlike Mr. Fawcett, would prefer an English analogue of *scrutin d'arrondissement* to one of *scrutin de liste*. Instead of giving to each existing metropolitan borough a number of representatives returned together by a majority of the whole constituency he would map it out into districts, and apportion a member to each. He did not, however, think that a Redistribution Bill would be actually introduced next Session, though he hinted that the Government would have to explain the principle of its Redistribution scheme.—On the same evening, at Birmingham, Sir Stafford Northcote, as President of the Suburban Institutes Union of that town, delivered a long, interesting, and entirely non-political address on knowledge, science, and literature.

MONDAY was prolific of speeches, but none of them were of any special importance. Lord Mayor Fowler means to fight the London Municipality Bill "tooth and nail," and Mr. W. H. Smith, as he always does, spoke good sense concerning Ireland.

BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY PEERS, it is understood, have at the instance of the Earl of Wemyss signified their readiness to be in their places in Parliament on the 15th of July of future Sessions, and to remain in London until the 15th of September, or whatever date may be necessary, for the object which they have in view. This is to bestow a careful and critical examination on measures sent up late in the Session from the Lower to the Upper House, which, though important, complicated, and novel in principle, are apt at present to be hastily and inconsiderately passed at the end of the Parliamentary Session.

M. DE LESSEPS has been most cordially and hospitably received by the citizens, Municipalities, and other public bodies of Liverpool and Manchester and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At Liverpool he intimated that his present intention is to construct a second Canal parallel with the first, and that the one Canal shall be used by vessels bound for the Red Sea, the other by those bound for the Mediterranean. In a statement on Monday to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce M. Charles de Lesseps, speaking on behalf of his father, made it be clearly understood that on the question of the exclusive right to canalise the Isthmus of Suez no discussion could be permitted. The Company considered that right to be theirs, and it was because they possessed such a monopoly that they were impelled to deal justly and liberally with their customers.

BUT THE MOST complete statement of the views and intentions of M. de Lesseps was that made, again through his son, at a Conference on Tuesday of the Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce, which was attended by representatives from North and South Shields, Sunderland, Hartlepool, Middlesborough, and Stockton, among other Northern towns. M. Charles de Lesseps reiterated the Company's monopoly of canalisation, and maintained that it was superfluous for Englishmen to complain of the Company if they were free to construct a second canal of their own. However, he repeated, the very possession of a monopoly imposed on the Company the duty of making concessions and sacrifices. His father was ready to propose to the Company the abolition of the pilotage dues by the end of next year at latest. Further, a dividend of 20 per cent. having now been reached, all profit above that amount would be applied to the reduction of the Canal dues until they fell to five francs per ton. Further still, when a vacancy occurred, a representative of British shipowners and merchants would be placed on the Board of Direction, and meanwhile he was ready to receive from them fourteen names of gentlemen to form with the official British Directors a Consultative Committee in London maintaining constant relations with the Paris administrators. A resolution was passed by the Conference approving of the proposed arrangement for the future administration of the Canal. At the evening banquet which followed, Sir George Elliot, M.P., made an important statement. He avowed a strong preference for a great enlargement of the present Canal over the construction of a second one. He also proposed that when a large income accrued to the English Government as the owner of founder's shares, only a portion of it should be paid into the Exchequer, and the remainder be applied to reducing, for the benefit of British shipping exclusively, the dues levied by the Company for transit.

MR. BISSETT, one of the two Conservative members for West Somerset, has on account of ill-health accepted the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. In anticipation of a vacancy, Mr. C. J. Elton, as Conservative candidate, and Viscount Kilcourse, son of the Earl of Cavan, as Liberal candidate, have for some time been before the constituency, but a new writ cannot be issued before the meeting of Parliament.

MR. FAWCETT, rather contrary to expectation, has been elected Rector of Glasgow University by a majority of 128 over the Marquis of Bute, and of 477 over Mr. Ruskin. The Marquis of Bute's devotion to the Church of Rome is represented as having contributed to his defeat.—For the Rectorship of the University of St. Andrew's, Mr. W. H. Mallock having retired, Mr. Russell Lowell was elected by a majority of eighteen votes over Mr. Gibson, M.P.

THERE IS NO ABATEMENT in the interest in the question of the housing of the London poor aroused or revived by the nearly simultaneous publication of Lord Salisbury's article in the *National Review*, and of the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London," the author of which is understood to be a Nonconformist Minister. Sir Charles Dilke, as President of the Local Government Board, has been personally inspecting the interiors of the houses in some of the poorest localities in East and South London, and elsewhere. At a meeting to discuss this subject in Southwark, Mr. Arthur Cohen, M.P., urged that landlords should be made to do their duty to their tenants, and said that the difficulty was not a money one, but a fear lest the expenditure of large sums on re-housing the poor might demoralise the masses. Several working-men belonging to the districts, in which clearances are soon expected, complained of the raising of their rents, and of the hardship of having to quit their domiciles at short notice in consequence of improvements. Such buildings as those erected by the Peabody Trust were described as suited only for the aristocracy of the working classes. It was agreed that a Committee should be empowered to collect accurate information on the subject, and lay it before the Government with the object of promoting remedial legislation.—The use of the Egyptian Hall has been granted by the Lord Mayor for a public meeting to consider the condition of the poor of London, and possibly he may preside over it.

SIR JAMES M'GAREL HOGG was on Friday re-elected Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works. He has filled that office since 1870.

THE CONTEST for the representation of Limerick City terminated, as was expected, in the return of the Parnellite candidate, Mr. M'Mahon. His majority over his Conservative opponent, Mr. Spaight, was 473, in a constituency numbering 1,720 electors. At the General Election of 1880, Mr. Spaight polled 620 votes, and Mr. M'Mahon only 473 last week, but the votes recorded for Mr. M'Mahon were only 922, while in 1880 Mr. O'Shaughnessy received 1,109, and his Home Rule colleague, Mr. Gabbett, 989.—Vehement protests are still being made by the Roman Catholic hierarchy and priesthood of the West of Ireland against an alleged "depopulation" plot of the Government.—The National League held on Sunday its first meeting in Drogheda. Among the speakers was Mr. Healy, who threatens

opposition to the Ministerial County Franchise Bill, even though it should include Ireland, unless a guarantee were given that if the House of Lords excluded Ireland from it the Government would drop the measure.—The second trial of Poole for the Seville Place murder—in the former trial the jury could not agree—began in Dublin on Monday, and on Tuesday the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The prisoner made a speech asserting his innocence, and wound up by calling for three cheers for the Irish Republic. The Judge pronounced sentence of death, and Poole is to be executed on the 18th of next month.

IN THE TOWN HALL, BERMONDSEY, on Monday, at a meeting of Irishmen to form a Southwark Branch of the National League, its president, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, inveighed against landlordism, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Trevelyan, whose policy he described as aiming at depopulation by starvation and eviction.

THE MOST PROMINENT NAMES in the week's obituary are those of Lord Overstone, who died on Saturday at Carlton Gardens in his eightieth year; of Sir William Siemens, eminent in science, theoretical as well as practical, who died on Monday at the age of sixty; of Dr. Louis Bockhard, in his seventy-first year, a German political exile, for many years resident in Manchester, where he settled, and was respected as a philanthropist and physician; and of Dr. Hilton Fagge, F.R.C.P., physician to Guy's Hospital, in his forty-sixth year.



A SILVER DUCK'S HEAD is the correct thing for umbrella handles in Paris just now, in allusion to President Grévy's sporting tastes.

THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG'S MEMOIRS will be published in Germany next week as "Aus Zwei Welten," by a reigning German prince.

A VALUABLE RUBENS is said to have been unearthed in Switzerland by a French priest. It represents Esther before Ahasuerus, and is believed to be an early composition.

THE REVIVAL OF THE ANCIENT "BŒUF GRAS" PROCESSION is being warmly advocated in Paris, and the promoters of the revival want to turn the old Shrove Tuesday observances into a charitable festival for the poor.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM is to profit by the discoveries lately made in the Saxon tumulus at Taplow, as all the finds are to be housed in the National Collection. The tumulus has now been entirely emptied, and amongst the most curious discoveries are the remains of a complete set of bone or ivory draughtsmen.

THE COST OF THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY BUILDINGS has now been entirely defrayed by subscription, and the promoters of the enterprise want to raise a second 5,000*l.* for its endowment. Observations are now taken hourly during the day, copies being sent to the Scottish Meteorological Society and the Meteorological Council of London, while a third official record is kept at the observatory itself. Parallel observations are taken at Fort William six times daily.

A LUTHER MIRACLE PLAY has been performed in one of the Worms churches during the recent commemoration. A high stage was erected across the church, the back being shut in by curtains, and here the chief scenes of Luther's life were minutely reproduced. Though no scenery was possible, every character was historically dressed, and Luther's own words were generally employed in the dialogue, so that, as all threw themselves into their characters with the greatest spirit, the play was most interesting and life-like.

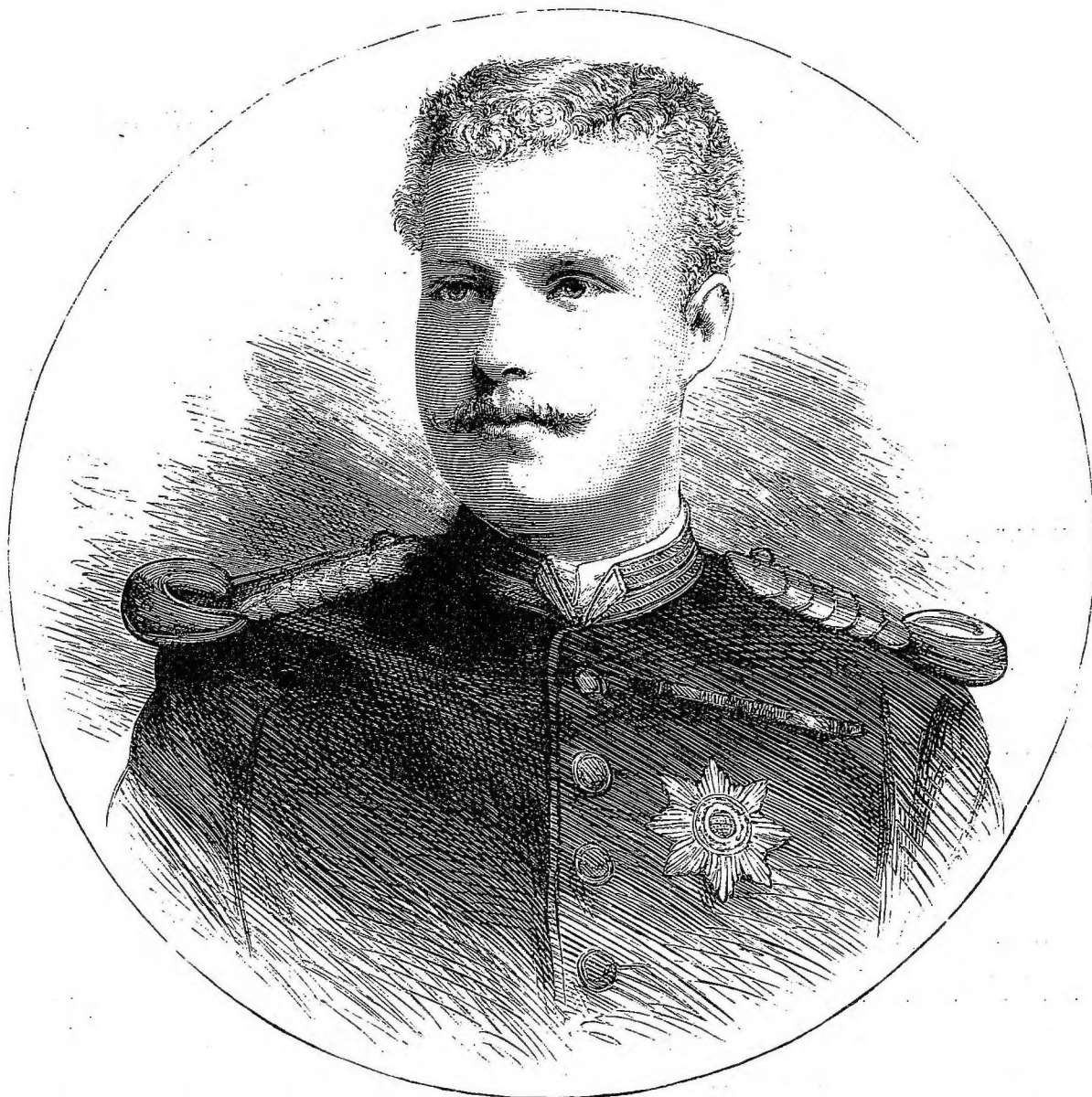
THE PROVIDENT SURGICAL APPLIANCE SOCIETY held its annual festival on the 21st inst. The Chairman stated that it is computed that nearly 10 per cent. of the population require in some form or other the aid that this society furnishes gratis to the poor. Although a City society, sufferers in all parts of the world come to it for relief. Those disposed to help may feel sure that their benevolence will be expended on misfortunes due to the accidents of life, and not on the consequences of vice or self-indulgence. The office is 28, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

THE FIRST PARIS TRIENNIAL SALON has proved as great a success from a financial as well as an artistic point of view. Some 40*l.* are taken daily for admissions, and, by the close of the Salon at the end of this month, it is expected that the receipts will more than defray the expenses, so that there will be no need to touch the Government subsidy of 4,000*l.* This sum accordingly will be kept by the Fine Art Department for some other artistic use. Such pictorial displays are certainly profitable in Paris, for the small Exhibition des Arts Incohérents, which we described some weeks ago, has produced profits of 270*l.*, which have been handed over for the benefit of the Parisian poor.

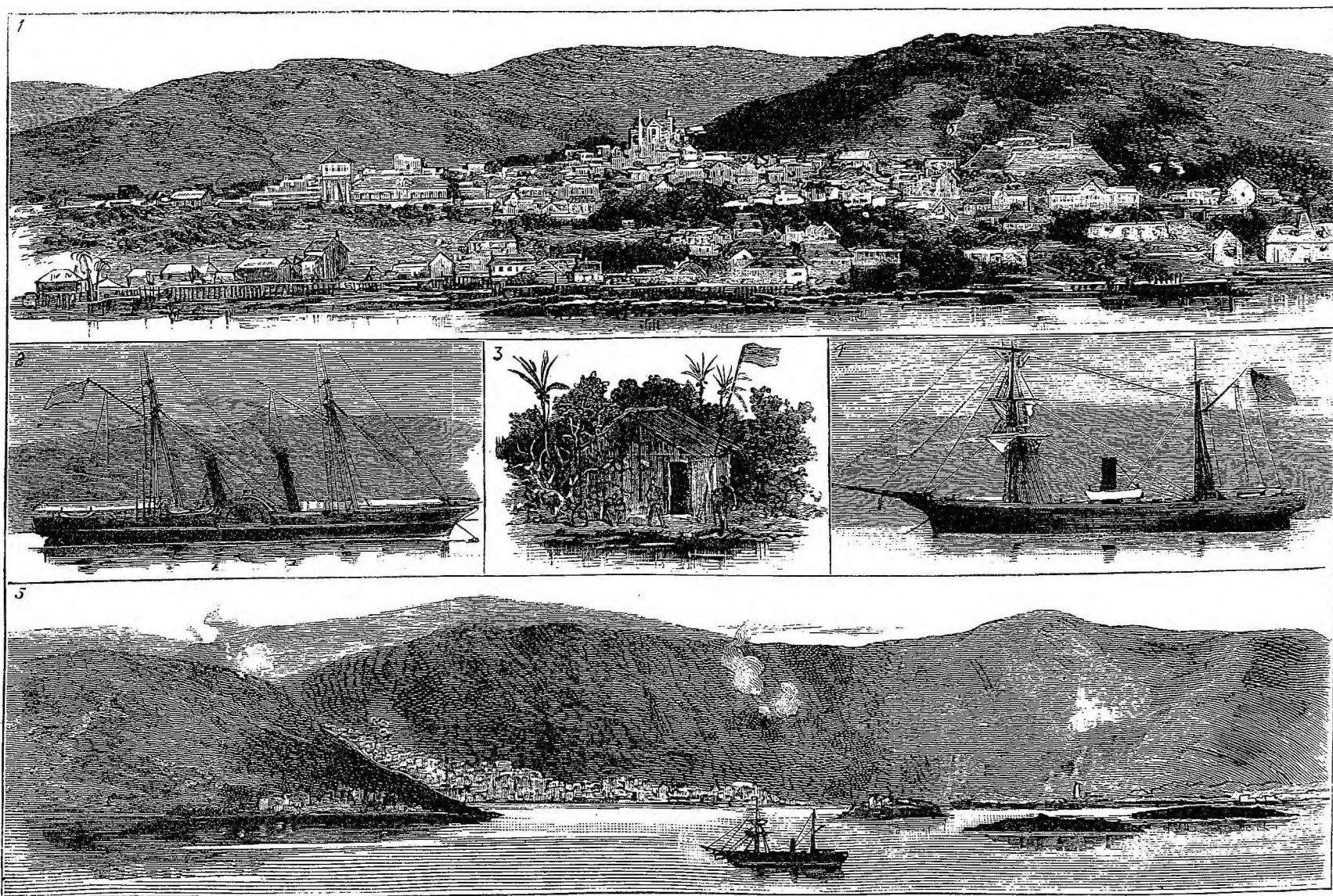
AN IMPORTANT CHANGE OF TIME has taken place this week in the United States, where henceforward railway travellers will no longer be puzzled by the perpetual difference of local times, but the hour will be reckoned solely after five standards exactly one hour apart, according to the geographical position of the district, instead of depending on solar time. Only a few old-fashioned towns refuse to accept the new standard, but most of the railways are anxious for the change, which will greatly simplify their arrangements. The new order of things was to be formally inaugurated in Boston, where the standard time is a quarter of an hour later than the mean solar time, and thus the theoretical noon signal usually given by the fire alarm bells was to be deferred on the appointed day for fifteen minutes so as to bring it into accordance with the standard noon.

VISITORS TO THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION may have noticed in the different Courts boards set up by the well-known *Dreadnought* Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich, detailing in various languages the number of sailors which each country had sent to the Hospital since its establishment in 1825, and the patients treated during 1882. Collecting-boxes in the shape of the old ship were attached, and during the Exhibition nearly 36*l.* were contributed by this means. The amount collected in the various courts was not always proportionate to the number of the special nationality treated, for the largest contributions came from Denmark, Japan, and the Straits Settlements. This plainly illustrates the cosmopolitan character of the work carried on, but unfortunately the Hospital sadly needs funds, and has been obliged to borrow 1,000*l.* to meet current expenses.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,681 deaths were registered, against 1,556 during the previous seven days, a rise of 125, but being 77 below the average, and at the rate of 20.5 per 1,000, a higher rate than has prevailed since July last. There were 47 deaths from measles (an increase of 10), 55 from scarlet fever (a decline of 5), 25 from diphtheria (a rise of 3), 33 from whooping-cough (a rise of 14), 2 from typhus fever, 36 from enteric fever (an increase of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a fall of 1), 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 8), and 445 from diseases of the respiratory organs, an increase of 80, but 19 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 59 deaths; 44 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 9 from burns and scalds, 3 from poison, 11 of infants under one year of age. Fifteen cases of suicide were registered, being more than three times the average number. There were 2,633 births registered against 2,497 during the preceding week. The mean temperature of the air was 39.4 deg. and 2.7 deg. below the average.

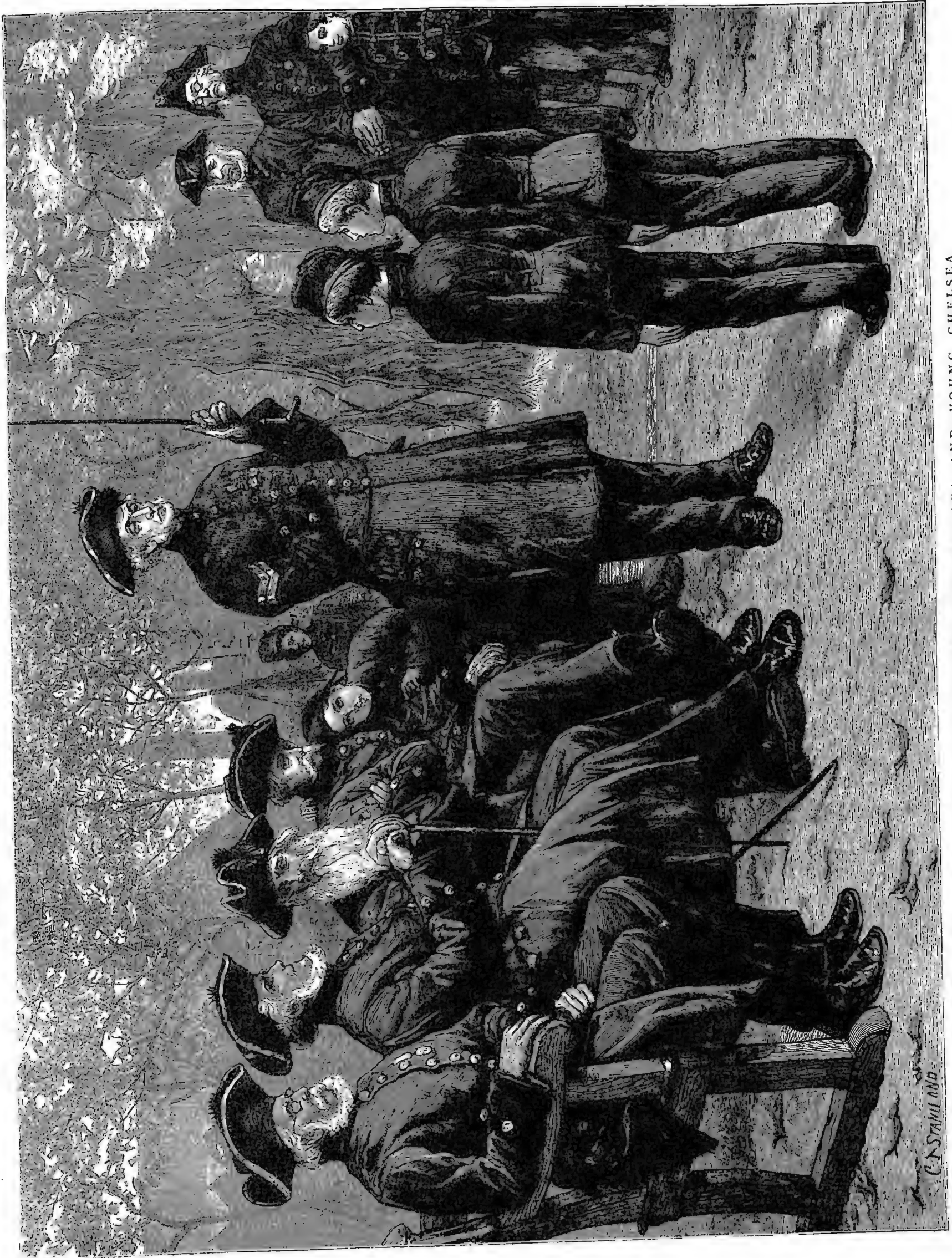


CHARLES FERDINAND LOUIS, CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL
NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND



1. The Town of Jacmel, about 23 Miles South of the Capital, now in the Possession of the Rebels, and Surrounded by Government Troops.—2. The Rebel Ship, "La Patria," formerly the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.'s Ship "Eider."—3. A Rebel Outpost.—4. S.S. "Ethel," Now Being Bought from an American Firm by the Government of Hayti.—5. The Town of Miragöane (in the Possession of the Rebels) being Bombarded by the Government Troops, Oct. 2, 1883.

THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI



OUR SOLDIERS PAST AND FUTURE—OLD CHELSEA AND YOUNG CHELSEA

C. STAMILLINO



THE relations between FRANCE and CHINA are becoming more and more strained, and in some quarters are thought to have all but reached the breaking point. According to the uncontradicted report of an interview of the Marquis Tseng, China would undoubtedly regard any attack upon Bacninh or Sontay, or the crossing of the Red River, as a *casus belli*; while, on the other hand, M. Jules Ferry holds to his optimistic views that China does not intend to declare war at all, but would regard the occupation of the points in question with that traditional bland smile behind which the Celestial is supposed to hide his thoughts on all occasions. Moreover, many Frenchmen regard the campaign as a mere "walk over," with plenty of loot for their soldiers and *kudos* for their generals as the result, and talk of bombarding Canton and blockading the Treaty Ports with as much *sang froid* as though France were the sole nation interested in Eastern matters. Meanwhile it is consoling to think that some of their countrymen are a little more cautious, and that those composing the Committee now considering the Government's demand for 360,000*l.* are taking the opportunity to go calmly into the question, and ascertain for themselves the true condition of affairs. Thus both M. Jules Ferry and Admiral Peyron have been giving "explanations" to the Committee, though, to judge from report, these explanations are of the most roseate hue. Another encouraging feature is that M. Challemlacour has resigned. This excellent *savant* has proved a very bad diplomatist, and during the past year has done as much to embroil France with her neighbours as any well-meaning but utterly imprudent and tactless man possibly could. M. Ferry has taken his post for the present at the Foreign Office, and, as far as European nations go, may be expected to throw much oil on the troubled waters. From Tonquin itself there is no news. Correspondents are not permitted with the forces, and the Cabinet do not send Admiral Courbet's despatches to the journals. There is a general impression that the Admiral has asked for extended powers, on the plea that he is now not confronted merely by the Black Flags, but by the Chinese troops. The only news item comes from the *New York Herald* correspondent, who states that the Chinese have abandoned Bacninh and Sontay, and that Haidzuong has been burnt by some inimical Hué mandarins. This, however, is not in any way credited, and it is stated that the Chinese Government have sent another note to the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, declaring that while the Chinese troops would not attack the French, they would nevertheless defend themselves to the utmost if molested.

From FRANCE proper there is little of outside interest. Last week a young man named Paul Curien called on M. Jules Ferry at the Ministry of the Interior, and, on being told to apply for an audience in the proper form, drew a revolver and rushed about the building in search of the Premier. He was promptly arrested, and was found to be a journeyman baker from Lille, whose brain had been turned by Anarchist publications, which are now indulging in as violent tirades against M. Jules Ferry as though he were the most ardent Royalist. M. Ferry has been instructing the State schoolmasters with regard to moral teaching, and while remarking that eighty thousand masters and mistresses are not expected to be improvised philosophers and theologians, enjoins them to teach nothing but what is familiar to them, as to all honest people—namely, the good old morality we have received from our fathers. They must speak with emphasis and authority on all unquestioned truths and precepts; but be very guarded whenever there is a risk of touching a religious sentiment, of which they are not the judges. He also gave a list of books which teachers may use at their discretion. In the Chambers the Senate has been discussing and passing the various railway conventions, while the Lower House has been dealing similarly with the Budget Estimates. The chief political incidents are a speech of M. Paul Bert, in which he protests against his recent discourse being pronounced an unqualified approval of the existing Government; and an electoral address of M. P. Leroy Beaulieu, who is standing on the Conservative Republican ticket for Lodève. He attacks the Government mainly from a financial standpoint, and asks how it is, notwithstanding twelve years' peace, that the 28,000,000*l.* of taxes imposed after the war still remain; and why the Budgets annually show large deficits, while the salaries of high functionaries are being increased.

It is a curious contrast to turn from the agitated and discontented atmosphere of French political circles to GERMANY, where the Prussian Diet was opened with a rose-coloured Imperial address, read by Herr von Puttkammer. In this the Emperor laid stress upon the existing "assured and peaceful circumstances," and announced a marked improvement in the financial condition of Prussia, mainly owing to the successful administration of the State Railways. Various taxation reforms were announced, as, though the two lowest grades of tax-payers had already been relieved, the Emperor wishes still further to extend his efforts in this direction, and to transform certain direct and personal imposts, and to introduce an income tax on capital. More private railways also are to be nationalised, but by far the most important portion of his speech related to Hanover, the last vestige of whose autonomous Government is to be abolished, and replaced by "a new and uniform scheme of administrative reform for the province of Hanover, so as to completely harmonise this newest part of the Monarchy with the local organism of the whole." We fear that the Hanoverians will not be so grateful for the promised "harmony" as their Sovereign could desire. The Emperor appears to be as hale and hearty as ever, and at a *bâtue* at Springe last week was credited with twenty-eight wild boars and eight stags to his own gun!

The chief topic both in GERMANY and SPAIN, however, has been the visit of the Crown Prince to Madrid. He left Berlin on Saturday, and reached Genoa the next day, leaving in the evening in a German war vessel. He was expected to arrive at Valencia on Thursday. There he would be received by the Captain-General, entertained at a dinner, and will stay a night at the Palace. On Friday he will arrive in Madrid. All classes of Spaniards are unanimous in resolving to give the Prince as warm a welcome as possible, for even the ultra-Republicans would hesitate to affront a guest on Spanish soil.

The Insurrectionary movement in SERBIA seems to have been a much more serious affair than was generally thought in Western Europe. The movement had been organised by Nihilistic, Socialist, and Communist agitators, who had persuaded the peasants to elect so-called Radical members of the Skuptchina by promising the establishment of a Utopian Government, under which everybody would be made perfectly happy, which would cost nobody anything, and insure the abolition of the army, police, and, in fact, the whole body of Government officials. Austria, indeed, had become seriously alarmed, and, in compliance with her recent promise to guarantee the integrity of the Servian Crown, had fully resolved upon intervening herself should King Milan's forces prove to be unequal to the task of restoring order. The King, however, has acted with the greatest energy, and several leaders of the insurrection—including a priest, who had headed a rising some eight years since, a peasant, and a schoolmaster—have been executed after a

summary trial by Court Martial. The priests and schoolmasters, who have taken part in the rising will be very severely dealt with, as the King justly considered that they have betrayed their trust. The members of the Radical Committee have not yet been brought to trial, but it is generally thought that the King will exercise his clemency towards them. The accounts from the disturbed districts are favourable, though desultory fighting appears still to be going on.

In BULGARIA Prince Alexander appears to have come to terms with the Czar's emissary. The Prince will appoint the Minister of War, subject to the consent of the Czar, but that official is no longer to meddle with anything else than the army, and is to be responsible to the Chamber and the Prince, by whom he can be dismissed without appeal.

There is bad news in EGYPT of the Soudan Expedition. Hicks Pasha is stated to have been disastrously defeated, and his force annihilated, after a three days' battle, lasting from the 3rd to the 5th of November. Only one person is stated to have survived—a European artist—we presume Mr. Frank Vizetelly, from whose sketches our illustrations have recently been engraved. Previous to this a small detachment of reinforcements—some 350 men, with a field gun, and under the command of Commander Moncrieff, the British Consul—were on their way from Suakim to Khartoum, when they were attacked at Tokka, about forty-five miles from Suakim, by a comparatively small body of Bedouins. The troops appear to have behaved disgracefully, to have offered scarcely any resistance, and to have thrown down their arms and fled. Commander Moncrieff and four Greek merchants who were with him fought to the last, but were overpowered and killed, as well as two of his officers and eighty-six of his men. A Council of Ministers assembled at once, and it was decided to send reinforcements without delay to Suakim, as well as a Council of War to make inquiry into the true facts of the recent defeat. Other Egyptian topics relate to the reorganisation of the police, for which Mr. Clifford Lloyd has proposed a scheme by which the three existing branches will be amalgamated, and 97,000*l.* saved to the Exchequer, and to the withdrawal of the British troops from Cairo. It appears that Sir Evelyn Baring was consulted on this question, and stated that the British garrison might with safety be withdrawn from Cairo, and that the total British force might be reduced from 6,000 to 3,000 men, to be concentrated at Alexandria.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived in INDIA on Wednesday. On landing at Bombay the Duke and Duchess met with a most cordial reception from a dense throng of people. Great festivities were to take place on Thursday, when the Duke will lay the foundation stone of a new hospital for women and children. The agitation against the Ilbert Bill continues unabated throughout India, and the European and Indian Defence Associations have protested against the determination to proceed with the Bill even in the modified form announced by Lord Northbrook at the Colston banquet at Bristol. The Bengal Rent Bill is also exciting strong opposition, and an influential meeting of Zemindars was held on Saturday at Calcutta to draw up a memorial to the Secretary of State urging him to reconsider the matter. At Camorta, Mr. D. Röpstorff, Superintendent of the Nicobars, has been murdered by a havidar whom he had punished. From Afghanistan comes a statement that the Ameer has executed a number of persons suspected of being partisans of Ayoub Khan. The Persian Envoy has left Cabul without it, is said, having accomplished the object of his mission.

To judge by the telegrams from the UNITED STATES, an Englishman would judge that nothing happens in that country but disasters, crimes, and Stock Exchange panics. Thus gales, fires, murders, strikes, and financial crises form the whole cablegram news of the week. Is there nothing else to report of the doings and sayings of our American cousins? To judge from the American papers when they do come to hand, we should say that there decidedly was. No wonder our American cousins accuse us of such crass ignorance of Transatlantic affairs, that we imagine every inhabitant of the United States carries a bowie-knife and a six-shooter, and that a journey in a railway train is as unsafe as a Sicilian walking tour.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS there has been great rejoicing in SWITZERLAND and AUSTRIA at the completion of the Airlberg tunnel, the official piercing of which took place with great ceremony on Sunday. A train started from each end, and after the piece of rock in the centre had been blasted, the two were joined together, and the Swiss and Austrian authorities commemorated the occasion by a luncheon and a distribution of medals. The chief political item in AUSTRIA relates to the establishment of civil marriage, which has been warmly debated in the Reichsrath.—In ITALY the Duke of Castelmonte, who was captured by brigands, has been released on a ransom of 6,000*l.*—In SPAIN Señor Castelar has warmly denied that in his recent speech regarding Ireland he had ever intended to vilify England, or that he had departed from his "constant friendship, regard, and esteem for England, her people, and her statesmen."—In TURKEY much genuine grief has been manifested at the death of Safvet Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier, who was buried with great pomp in the mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud, at Constantinople.—In CENTRAL AFRICA M. de Brazza has now arrived at Stanley Pool.—From SOUTH AFRICA we learn that the Bechuana chief, Mankaroane, has had an interview with the Administrator of Cape Colony, and has asked that England should either take over his country, provide for his people, and allot them land in farms among the whites, or appoint a British Resident, and organise a force of police at Mankaroane's expense. The sentence of death passed on the chief Mampoer by the Boers has been confirmed, but Mapoch's sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life.—In SOUTH AMERICA all is now quiet at Lima, but the Indians are causing considerable trouble in the interior of Peru.



THE Queen has returned to the south for the winter. Before leaving Balmoral Her Majesty visited the Rev. A. and Mrs. Campbell, who later lunched at the Castle, while on Sunday the Queen and the Princesses Beatrice and Irene attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. Her Majesty has not attended Crathie Church this year, being unable from her late accident to stand long or to go up steep stairs. Nevertheless, the Queen is much better in health from her stay in the Highlands, and Her Majesty's walking powers are greatly improved. The Royal party left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, and were greeted by the usual guard of honour at Ballater, whence they travelled by special train to Windsor, arriving in time for breakfast on Wednesday morning. The Queen will stay about three weeks at Windsor, and will then go to Osborne for Christmas.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to the Earl of Fife on Saturday, and returned to town. During his stay in Banffshire the Prince had capital sport in Lord Fife's preserves, and a grand ball was given in his honour, while before leaving he planted two trees, and sent letters to the Provosts of Banff and Macduff, acknowledging the warm reception of both towns. He spent Sunday in town, when

he visited the Crown Prince of Portugal, and on Monday went down to Eastwell, where the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have received a large party this week. The Princess was to have accompanied her husband, but was kept at Sandringham by a cold. Whilst at Eastwell the Prince went out shooting daily, and was present on Wednesday at a dance given by the Duke and Duchess, while on Thursday he rejoined the Princess at Sandringham. The Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, are now expected at Sandringham, where a ball will be given next Friday to commemorate the Princess of Wales' birthday next day. The Prince and Princess go to Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, to stay with the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry on December 17, while some time during December the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk.

The Duke of Edinburgh has commenced farming on his estate at Eastwell, having obtained possession of part of the park, which was let to another tenant when he first took Eastwell. The dairy, built on the model of that at Sandringham, is now finished and in use, and adjoining the dairy is a room fitted up as a tea-room for the Duchess in characteristic Russian style, being hung with simple Russian cloth such as the peasants use for their red shirts, and which was bought by the Duke when visiting Moscow for the Czar's coronation.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught reached Bombay on Tuesday.—The Duke of Albany presided on Saturday at a meeting of the Committee of the Royal Tapestry Works.—Wednesday was the forty-third birthday of the Crown Princess of Germany, and the usual salutes and bell-ringing took place in London and Windsor.—The marriage of the Princess Victoria of Hesse with Prince Louis of Battenberg is not to be celebrated at Windsor.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S RECOVERY is complete. Since his visit to Lord Cranbrook at Hemsted Park he has, with Mrs. and Miss Benson, been the guest of his old friend and school-fellow, the Bishop of Durham, at Auckland Castle. On Sunday his Grace attended Divine Service at St. Ann's.

ALTHOUGH the necessity for issuing bulletins has ceased, the Bishop of Peterborough's recovery is less rapid than could be wished.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S HEALTH, according to a Society journal, causes his friends some anxiety. He has appointed Mr. H. W. Cripps, Q.C., of the Oxford Circuit, and Recorder of Lichfield, to the Chancellorship of his Diocese, in succession to the late Dr. Swabey.—The appointment of Official of the Archdeacon of London, also vacated by the death of Dr. Swabey, has been bestowed on Mr. G. Bilsborrow Hughes, barrister-at-law.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, founded in 1862, has this week been celebrating its twenty-first anniversary. The celebration began with a Festival Service in Westminster Abbey on Monday evening, when a sermon was preached by Archdeacon Farrar. There was a numerous attendance of clergy. On Tuesday there was a public breakfast in St. James's Hall. The Lord Mayor presided, and was supported by the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle and the Bishop of Algona. A resolution expressive of thankfulness for the success of the Society was moved by the Bishop of Rochester, and supported by the Bishop of Carlisle. Subscriptions amounting to more than 3,000*l.* towards the fund of 25,000*l.*, which the Society has resolved on raising. On Wednesday a Conference was opened at Exeter Hall, promoted by the Women's Union of the Society, to consider the evils of the grocers' and shopkeepers' licences. Canon Ellison was in the chair, and the attendance was chiefly feminine. Resolutions condemning these licences as conducive to intemperance among women were passed. Among the speakers were Dr. Norman Kerr and the Rev. J. W. Horsley, chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison.

THE LORD MAYOR has notified his intention not to follow the old practice of State attendance at church, as ostentatious and unjust to his servants and his horses. The Bishop of London, in a letter to his Lordship, has approved of this decision.

THE STORMY INTERRUPTION by the German Socialists of Herr Stoecker's attempted lecture last week in the Memorial Hall induced him to state his views on Christian and other Socialism in Germany, and to defend his attitude towards the Jews, before comparatively private audiences. But even this course has not been entirely satisfactory. On Saturday night he gave a lecture at the St. Stephen's Club, in which he animadverted on the anti-Christian influence exerted by the Jews through their control of the German Press. Lord Folkestone, the Chairman of the Committee of the Club, has written a letter to the newspapers contradicting a statement that the delivery of the lecture was sanctioned by the Club. On the contrary, Lord Folkestone intimated, no such permission was given, and had it been asked for it would have been refused. A special meeting of the Committee, it was added, had been held to inquire into the circumstances, and with the result that the member of the Committee who was responsible for Herr Stoecker's appearance at the Club-house has found it desirable to resign.—A representative of a section of Hebrew Christians having written to the Bishop of Liverpool respecting one of Herr Stoecker's addresses received a reply, in which Dr. Kyle says that he has not the smallest sympathy with the Anti-Semitic movement, and cannot understand it. To the Bishop of Liverpool it appears the greatest blot on the German character. To him a crusade against a people who are, he says, beloved for the Father's sake, and to whom belong so many promises, and a crusade carried on by professed Christians, is perfectly unintelligible.

THERE has been an active correspondence in the Press respecting a proposal to detach the Channel Islands from the See of Winchester, and to form them into a separate Diocese, under a new Bishop of St. Helier's, whose episcopal jurisdiction is to supersede that exercised by the Bishop of London over English chaplains resident on the Continent. A Guernsey correspondent writes to inform us that "public opinion in the Channel Islands is indignant at the proposal. These loyal islanders," he says, "regard this scheme as the first step towards severing their connection with England, which has existed for over 800 years. Being," he adds, "unrepresented in Parliament, they have no means of making their views heard except through the medium of the English Press."

THE WYCLIF SOCIETY is tentatively initiating a promising movement to commemorate next year the quinqucentenary of the death of the great English precursor of the Reformation, whose name it bears, and to promote the publication of whose works it was founded last year. The Archbishop of York is its President, and among its Vice-Presidents are, most appropriately, the Bishop of Liverpool and Lord Shaftesbury.

ON FRIDAY, the Rev. Henry Wace, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, so well-known by his theological writings, and as joint-editor, with Dr. William Smith, of the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," was appointed Principal of King's College, London, in succession to Dr. Barry. Mr. Wace will, it is understood, retain the Preacher-ship of Lincoln's Inn.

THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION

OUR sketches are by Mr. Frank Vizetelly, who has been accompanying Hicks Pasha from Khartoum. To judge from the telegraphic account of the disastrous defeat of the Expeditionary Force, he appears to have been the only person who escaped. His latest letter was published in our issue of November 10. It was dated September 25th. On the previous day he wrote from Douaïm, Kordofan, as follows: "We have just done twelve days' march through the disaffected districts between here and Khartoum; to-morrow we strike into the interior to Obeid. A steamer is just leaving here for Khartoum, by which I send sketches; a letter will be forwarded by the next. After that there will be no further communication until we have beaten the Mahdi and taken Obeid, or have been beaten ourselves and driven back to the banks of the Nile. Behind us as we march forward the tribes will close the route."

TYPES OF GENERAL HICKS'S ARMY

MR. VIZETELLY also wrote on Aug. 15 in explanation of this sketch: "The army commanded by Hicks Pasha is made up of many Oriental races, and in one battalion of Bashi-Bazouk infantry, or one squadron of Bashi-Bazouk cavalry, may be heard almost every dialect of the Turkish provinces. For instance, No. 1 in the illustration is an Albanian Bashi-Bazouk (infantry), No. 2 is a Kurd (cavalry), No. 3 a native Soudanese regular, No. 4 a Bosnian Bashi-Bazouk (infantry), No. 5 a Syrian, ditto; No. 6 an Egyptian cuirassier, clothed in shirt of mail, and with pot helmet and linked hood similar to that worn by the Saracens of Saladin. No. 7 is a Greek Bashi-Bazouk from the Turkish provinces, and No. 8 is a fellah, or regular Egyptian infantryman. No. 9 is a Shegiri, or Arab from the country between Shendi and Dongola; this tribe bitterly hates the Arabs of Sennar and Kordofan, and many are serving as Bashi-Bazouks or irregulars with the Khedive's forces. No. 10 is also a Shegiri of the Dromedary Scouting Corps."

"It is to be hoped that these various races will acquit themselves well in the campaign on which they are about to enter. Not only will they have to meet Mahomed Achmet, the so-called Mahdi, at the head of a regular and well-armed force, but they will also have to contend against the Arab tribes of Kordofan, who have given their adherence to the False Prophet—indeed, on the result of this campaign greatly depends the future of the Soudan. Should the rebellion led by Mahomed Achmet not be at once crushed, or should the expedition meet with a serious reverse, the effects would be disastrous for the Khedive's Government."

"This must indeed be an anxious moment for Hicks Pasha, for not only will he have to meet a numerous and fanatical enemy, but he will also have to contend against the difficulties of transport, and, what is much more serious, the scarcity of water."

HICKS PASHA EXAMINING TELEGRAPH WIRE CUTTERS DURING A HALT

"CAPTAIN HEATH, coming suddenly upon a village unperceived, dropped most unexpectedly into the midst of some Arabs who had not had time to clear out. In the huts of the prisoners was found a large quantity of telegraph wire, with portions of the broken cast-iron pillars and the plates in which they were inserted. Captain Heath had the wire twined about their necks, rivetting one to the other. These men remain prisoners, and will very probably be hanged, it being satisfactorily proved that they had been engaged in destroying the telegraph line on our route between Khartoum and Douaïm."

SUAKIM

THE town of Suakim, near which the Egyptian troops have been defeated, with the loss of their leader, Commander Moncrieff, and whither the refugees have fled, is situated in the Red Sea, on a small island close to the mainland, in 19° N. latitude, and 37° E. longitude. It owes its importance to the fact that it is the seaport of the Soudan and the equatorial provinces of Egypt. It was occupied by the Turks in 1453, and handed over to Egypt by them in 1864. Since that year the commerce of the town has steadily increased, and Suakim is at the present time the most important post that Egypt possesses in the Red Sea. The customs' dues levied during the past year amounted to over 10,000*l.* sterling, and this in spite of the fact that, owing to the troubles in Egypt, the country was in a very disturbed state. The chief exports are gum, cotton, and grain (chiefly dhurra); Manchester goods form the chief item in the imports. Suakim may be regarded as the base of the operations against the Mahdi, as troops and military stores are landed there and forwarded to Khartoum, while recruiting is still being actively carried on in the villages of Lower Egypt. There are two routes from Suakim to Khartoum, one *via* Kassala, and the other *via* Berber. The latter, by which Hicks Pasha journeyed, and of which we have published illustrations, is the best and most used, there being a better supply of water on the road. The distance to Berber is 280 miles, and caravans perform the journey in from fifteen to twenty days. Steamboats ply up and down the Nile between Berber and Khartoum. It is expected that a railway will be commenced in a few months' time between Berber and Suakim, and when this is done a large development of the resources of the Soudan will undoubtedly take place. Suakim possesses nothing very striking in the way of architecture, though the houses for the most part are large and solidly built. Large numbers of pilgrims pass through yearly *en route* to Mecca. The population is a fluctuating one, varying from 5,000 to 8,000 at different seasons of the year.—This illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Lawrence Goodrich.



PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The Derby Meeting at the close of last week was a bumper, no less than 152 horses contesting the events of the two days. As many as twenty-one came to the post for the Chesterfield Nursery, and backers selected Hedge Priest, King William, and Bedouin as favourites. The last two ran second and third; but Hedge Priest was out of it, the winner turning up in Perdita II., 12 to 1. The Derby Cup also produced a large field of seventeen, and here again an outsider in the shape of Wandering Nun was to the fore, with Brag and Picador in attendance, none of the three favourites—Wild Arab, Goggles, and St. Vincent—getting a place. It is evident that Mr. Chaplin's mare, now in her sixth year, is coming back to her excellent two-year-old form, which she so long lost. Another large field of a score came to the post for the Chatsworth Plate, and once again not a place was won by either of the three first favourites, the winner turning up in Dalmeny, who has done fair service to her owner this season.—And now we have come to the last week's flat racing of the year; but we must defer our notes on it till next week, as the Manchester meet does not conclude till Saturday afternoon.—The failure is announced of Mr. William Bleukiron, the proprietor of the famous Middle Park stud.

FOOTBALL.—Matters have been rather quiet in this department, as far as important matches are concerned. Reading has beaten

South Reading in the Association Challenge Cup; the contest for the London Association Cup continues merrily, Upton Park (the holders) having beaten East Sheen, Hanover the Morton Rangers, and Barnes Streatham Common, while Clapham Rovers and Ashburnham Rovers have played a draw.—At Oxford the University has beaten the London Scottish in a Rugby game; and at Cambridge the University and Kensington had to make a draw of it. In an Association game too a draw between Cambridge and the Old Carthusians had to be submitted to. Lancashire has beaten Cheshire in a Rugby game.

AQUATICS.—Elliot, the Northern ex-champion sculler, has returned from America, and has at once signified his willingness to make a match with Bubeat.—Mr. S. Swann, of Trinity Hall, has won the Cambridge Colquhoun Sculls very easily, and gives promise of becoming something above the average of our best amateur scullers of late years.—The four Trial Eights are now in full work at the Universities. Of course, plenty of changes have been going on, but the strokes seem definitely settled on.—Hanlan, we hear, is in New York, and, having made up matters with Lee, will start with him for a professional visit to California.

LACROSSE.—A good match between Kensington and London at Blackheath has resulted in a victory for the latter by seven goals to none.

GOLF.—This pastime seems to find increasing favour at Cambridge. The University has beaten the Yarmouth Club on the Coldham Common links.—The Championship competition over the three greens of Prestwich, St. Andrew's, and Musselburgh, has resulted in the victory of W. Fernie (St. Andrew's), Ferguson (Musselburgh), who has held the Championship for three years, being among the beaten.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The famous, and as we may now call him, the veteran long-distance "walkist," E. P. Weston, started on Wednesday last from London on a 5,000 miles' walk, having engaged to walk fifty miles a day. He will give some lectures on his tour, which is laid out in the vicinity of the metropolis. Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Duckworth, and several leading members of the Church of England Temperance Society were present to see him start, the pedestrian being a total abstainer, and illustrator of the fact that feats of long physical endurance can be performed without the aid of alcohol.



MUSIC

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This time-honoured institution seems reviving to good purpose, if we may judge by the results of their first concert for the season, on Friday night last week, when every place was taken and many could not obtain admission. The Committee were well advised in beginning their season with *King David*, and in affording its composer all the advantages vouchsafed to him at a recent Festival, the leading singers being mostly the same, the conductor (a point of equal importance) also the same, together with other necessary adjuncts, such as a numerous and efficient orchestra (Mr. Carrodus, leader), and a chorus emulating in precision and intelligence even the far-famed Yorkshire singers, whose strong fresh voices, enthusiasm, and emphatic delivery were a power of strength to Sir George Macfarren on the memorable day when his last great work was produced with such distinguished success in the capital of the West Riding. So much has been said and written about *King David* that it will suffice to add that the unanimous opinion of Leeds has been fully confirmed by London. Sir Arthur Sullivan exhibited no less zeal at his post of conductor than on the former occasion; while the leading vocalists, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley (Mr. Santley, with his inimitable David, at their head), all did their best.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The return of Mr. Charles Hallé, who has so long maintained the high position among pianists most frequently heard at Mr. Chappell's concerts, might almost be recorded in a passing notice. His fame is too widely acknowledged to require further comment. Mr. Hallé introduced nothing new; what he did introduce, as is usually the case with him, was decidedly good. Instance Beethoven's Sonata in E minor, Op. 90, played as solo, and Brahms's Quartet in A major, Op. 26, in which he was associated with Madame Néruda, Mr. Holländer, and Signor Piatti. That Mr. Hallé was cordially received will be taken for granted. At the concert on Monday, which began with one of the too-much-neglected quartets by Spohr (in E minor, Op. 45), the pianist was once more M. de Pachmann, who fairly astonished his audience by his execution of Chopin's long and perplexing Sonata in B flat minor, containing the famous *Marche Funèbre*, and the curious *finale* in unison throughout, the last of which, though only marked by the composer "Sotto voce e legato," he played like a *prestissimo*, but with such extraordinary fluency that, as Mozart said of the first performance of his overture to *Don Juan*, "very few notes dropped under the desk." M. de Pachmann also joined Madame Néruda and Signor Piatti in Beethoven's trio in D, No. 1, Op. 70, the rendering of which by the three performers was almost irreproachable. Signor Piatti gave as solo an ingenious arrangement of himself of an air by the old Italian Geminiani, in which he introduced a very elaborate *cadenza* from his own pen. This effusion gave evident pleasure to his hearers, as was shown by their cordial recognition of its merits, and those of the accomplished *virtuoso*. Miss Santley agreeably varied the concert with songs, among which were two by Anton Rubinstein. At the concert to-day a novelty is announced in the shape of a quartet for pianoforte and stringed instruments by the young Czech composer Fibich, none of whose music has hitherto been heard at these concerts.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The programme of Saturday's concert, if not altogether up to the mark, contains some interesting things, and embraced much variety. It began with Mr. Harold Thomas's overture, *Mountain, Lake, and Moorland*, and terminated with Wagner's prelude to the *Flying Dutchman*, two works more dissimilar than which in conception and carrying out it would be difficult to conceive. The symphony for the occasion was Schumann's No. 1 (B flat), always played to a wish by Mr. Mann's orchestra, and always cordially received, as was the case on Saturday. A wholly different sort of interest was excited by the *airs de ballet* from the second act of Gluck's *Orphée et Eurydice*, music still as young as it is beautiful, and powerfully contrasted in its two divisions—*Dance of the Furies* and *Elysium*. The pianist was the irrepressible M. de Pachmann, with Chopin's concerto in F minor (No. 1) at his fingers' ends. He played superbly, and was applauded according to his deserts. The truth is that this remarkably clever gentleman in the music of Chopin is more thoroughly at home than in that of any other composer. Miss Griswold, her first appearance here, well sustained the flattering opinions awarded to her at the Grand Opéra in Paris by her admirable rendering of a *scena* from Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, and her unaffected expression in Mr. F. Clay's ballad, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side." M. de Pachmann, selected for his solo performances a "Novelette" by Schumann, and two small pieces of Henselt. At the next concert the ballet music from Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba* is to be given.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The first of these entertainments for the present season took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday

evening, and drew a very numerous audience. An attractive bill of fare was provided. Madame Norman-Néruda with her violin, and M. de Pachmann at the pianoforte, were, it is needless to say, rapturously received. As regards the vocalists, Miss Damian's rich contralto voice was heard to great advantage in Tosti's "Good-bye" and Cowen's "A Song and a Rose." Miss Mary Davies sang a pretty little ditty, called "Swinging," being accompanied by the composer, Miss Cécile Hartog. Mr. Maybrick was vociferously cheered in his "Owl," delivered with great humour and liveliness; and Mr. Venables' choir made a hit with a capital humorous part-song, "Kate Dalrymple," by F. Archer (not the jockey, we presume). Then, after the English ballads, which are, it must be confessed, apt to be rather tame affairs, it was a refreshing contrast to hear Madame Carlotta Patti sing Mozart's *aria*, "No, che non sei capace," with that glorious *abandon* which characterises the songsters of Southern Europe. The next concert will take place on Wednesday, at 3 P.M.

WAITS.—The music composed by Meyerbeer to his brother Michel's tragedy *Struensee* has been revived at the Berlin Opera Royal.—*Luther in Worms*, the much-talked-of oratorio by Ludwig Meinardus, was performed on the 9th inst., at Dantzig.—The death of Antonio Sighicelli, a highly-esteemed violinist in his day, is announced at Modena, aged 81.—Madame Sophie Menter, the most brilliant pianist of the Liszt school, is at Odessa.—The rumour that Liszt will shortly publish his "Method for Pianoforte" is at least premature. He has as yet given no decision on the subject.—The prize for the best essay on the life and art-work of Grétry, the Belgian composer, who made his fortune and reputation in Paris, is awarded by the Brussels Academy of Fine Arts to M. Michael Brénat, of Paris. The value of the prize is 800 francs, not too much for such a laborious task.—After lying for nearly a quarter of a century on the shelf, Marschner's once popular *Templar and Jüdin* (*Ivanhoe*) has been revived with success at the Imperial Opera, Vienna.—Grützmacher, the excellent violinist, is engaged by Mr. Theodor Thomas to visit America next year. Herr Grützmacher is not infrequently styled "the German Piatti."—According to an Italian journal (*La Gazzetta dei Teatri*) the prisoners at the Poissy House of Detention are, among other pastimes, instructed in music. Happy they!—The new and splendid opera-house in Frankfort-on-the-Maine is threatened to be put into telephonic communication with the Landgrave of Hesse's château at Philippsrue.—Madame Annette Essipoff, "the pianiste of the fairy fingers," has, by her recent performances, completely turned the heads of amateurs at Odessa; so that it will be difficult even for Madame Sophie Menter to rival her in their estimation.—That *Luther in Worms*, the oratorio of Meinardus, for whom the text was compiled by W. Rossmann, would be performed in Berlin ("for the first time?") on the 9th inst., might have been taken for granted. The Schnöpp Vocal Association did the musical honours, and the place selected was the Garrison Church. The choral effect is said to have been remarkable; but the orchestra was considered inefficient. The oratorio begins with the impression created by Luther's doctrines in connection with the Reformation, and terminates with his being put under the ban of the Empire at the Diet of Worms by the Emperor himself.—The death of Count Wilhelm von Redern at Berlin is greatly deplored. He was not only a distinguished musical amateur (composer even), but popular with all classes, and this despite the positions he held so many years, and at various periods, as Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal and Supervisor of Court Music, in neither of which was it easy (if possible, indeed) to please every one who appealed to his decision and authority.



THEATRES

WHEN that popular comedian, Mr. Edward Terry, returns to the Gaiety, a little while before Christmas, the representations of Mr. Burnand's *Arlec*, will be suspended to make way for a farcical comedy, called *The Rocket*, written by Mr. Pinero, in which Mr. Terry has been acting—apparently with much success—in provincial theatres. By way of after-piece, the management will revive Mr. Burnand's burlesque, *Robbing Roy*, in which Mr. Terry will also appear, as heretofore.

A performance of Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's comic opera, *Billie Taylor*, given at the Gaiety Theatre last week, served to introduce to English audiences Miss Lucille Meredith, an American operatic singer, in the part of the heroine. Miss Meredith's voice is somewhat harsh, and her manner is lacking in vivacity. Her performance failed to make any very favourable impression.

At the morning performance given at the Strand Theatre on the same day, Mrs. Rudolf Blind made her *début* in that favourite part of *débutantes*, Julia, in *The Hunchback* of Sheridan Knowles. Her rendering was intelligent, and her acting decidedly promising; but at present defective elocution is a serious drawback, and altogether Mrs. Blind's talents stand in need of more training to fit her for so important a character.

A play, entitled *Found*, written by Mr. Frederick Hawley, and played for the first time in London at a Gaiety *matinée* last week, was originally brought out in March, 1874, at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. As will have been observed, *Found* has found its way (no pun, we assure our readers, is here intended) to the London stage rather slowly. Probably this may have arisen from the unpromising nature of the piece, which, though described as a "comedy," has little to recommend it in the way of character, dialogue, or story. Miss Ingram and Mr. Beveridge played the leading parts in this somewhat depressing production.

Mr. Purnell, writing under his well-known signature of "Q," tells a story regarding *The Bells* which is curious in view of the fact that no piece in which Mr. Irving has played at the Star Theatre, New York, appears to have produced a more profound impression. According to "Q," the late Mr. Bateman, notwithstanding its great success at the Lyceum under his management, expressed to him a conviction that *The Bells* would not suit the tastes of American audiences. That he was mistaken is now pretty evident; yet Mr. Bateman was not only a very shrewd and experienced manager, but an American who had certainly enjoyed plenty of opportunities of observing the peculiarities of Transatlantic playgoers. We may here note that on the day following Mr. Irving's first appearance as Mathias in the *New York Herald*, in its afternoon issue, known as the *Evening Telegraph*, gave a long descriptive article, illustrated with sketches of the performance and of the audience. The latter were drawn for the occasion by Mr. Wallis Mackay, who is now in New York.

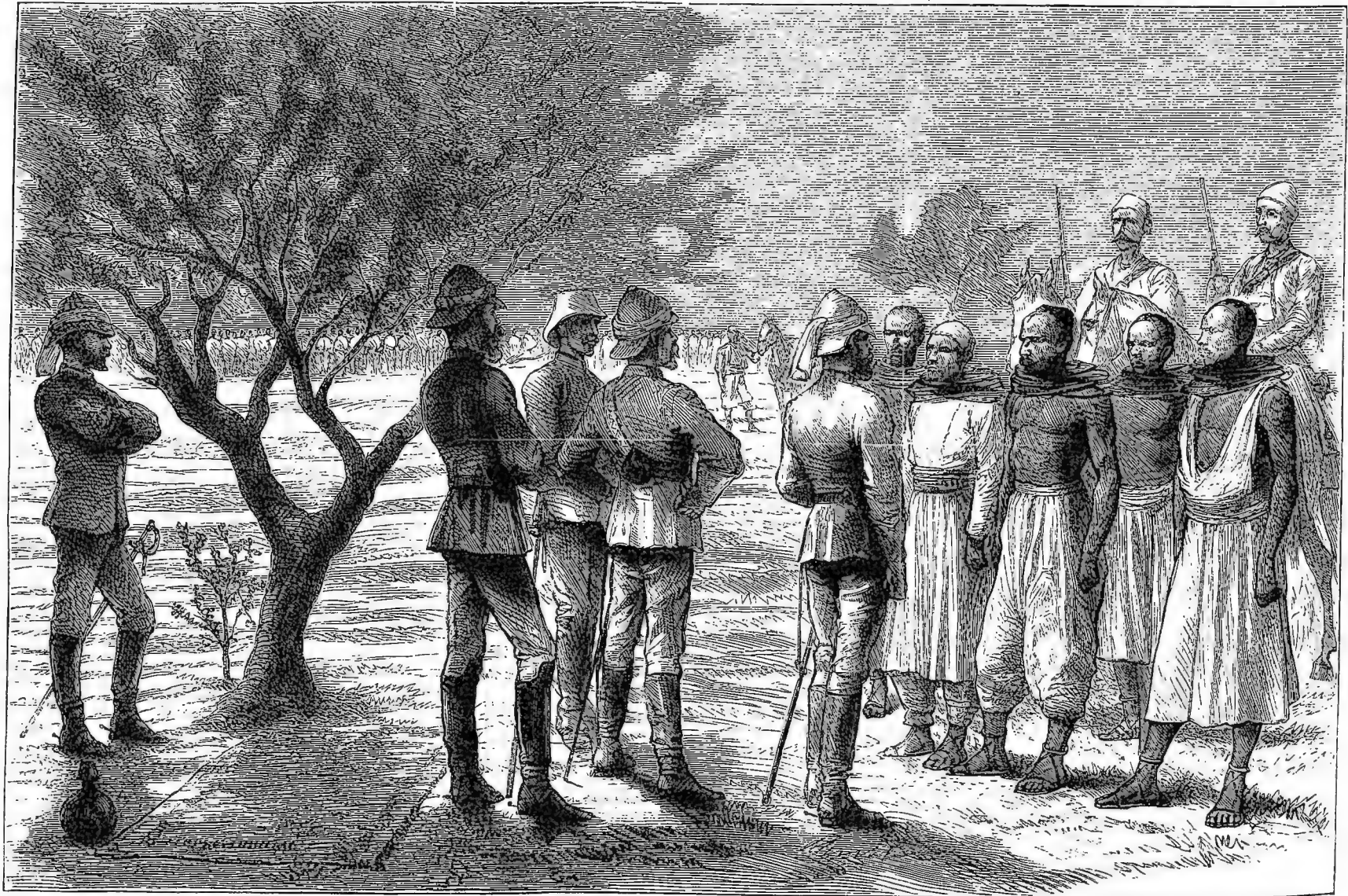
The OLYMPIC, which has been considerably altered and improved during the last few weeks, will reopen on Saturday, the 1st of December, under the management of Mrs. Canover. *The Spider's Web*, a drama in four acts by Mr. Pettitt, will be the principal novelty.

Mr. Gilbert's little piece, of which we lately gave some account, is already in rehearsal at the LYCEUM Theatre. It is founded on a story contributed by the author a year or two ago to one of the Christmas annuals. The subject is of a serious and pathetic kind. Miss Mary Anderson plays the leading character.



Albanian Bashi Bazouk (Infantry) Native Soudanese Regular
Kurd (Cavalry) Syrian Bashi Bazouk Greek Bashi Bazouk from the Turkish Provinces Shegir of the Dromedary Scouting Corps
Egyptian Cuirassier, in Shirt of Mail, with Pot Helmet and Linked Hood Similar to that Worn by the Saracens of Saladin Shagir or Arab from the Country Between Shendy and Dongola
Bosnian Bashi Bazouk (Infantry) Fellah, or Regular Egyptian Infantryman

SOME TYPES OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

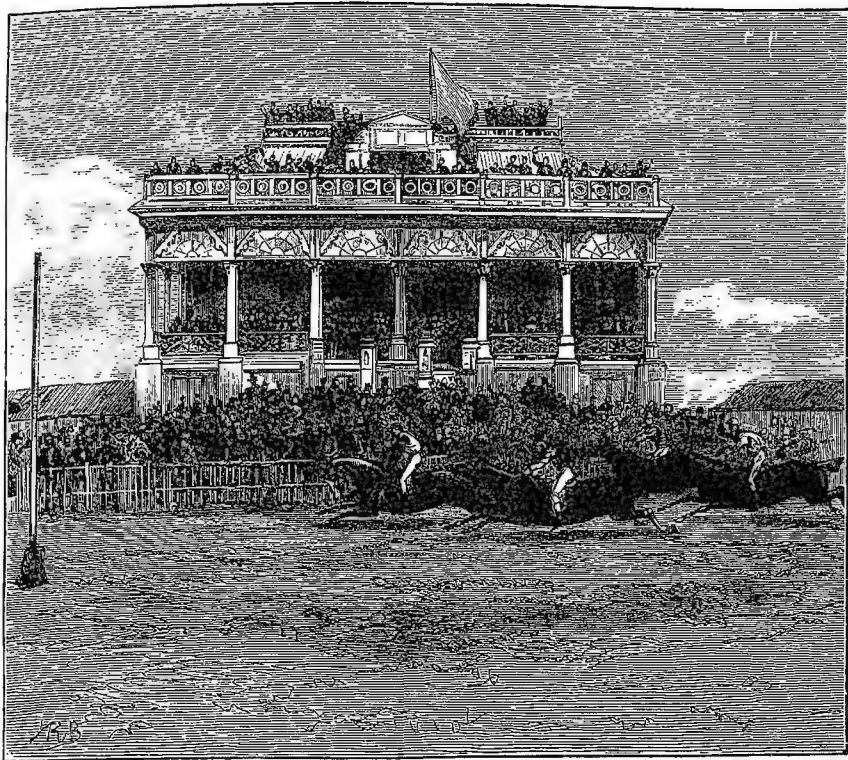


Doctor Rosenberg Baron Seckendorff Hicks Pasha Colonel Farquhar, Chief of Staff
Major Evans, Interpreter

HICKS PASHA EXAMINING ARAB TELEGRAPH WIRE-CUTTERS DURING A HALT

THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN

FROM SKETCHES BY AN ARTIST WITH HICKS PASHA'S SOUDAN FIELD FORCE

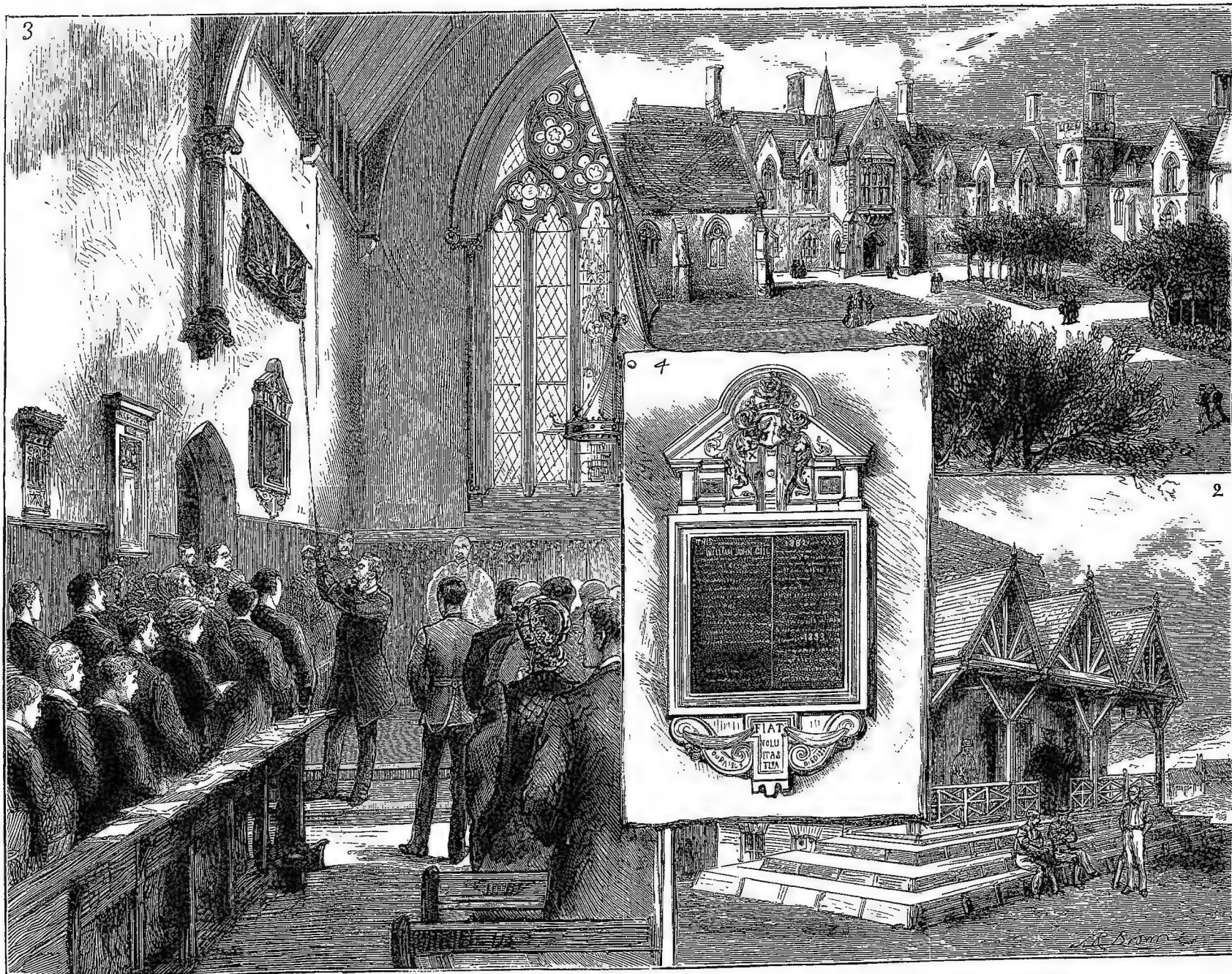


THE RACE COURSE



TEA STEAMERS

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—VIEWS IN SHANGHAI



1. Brighton College.—2. The Cricket Pavilion.—3. General Sir J. Lintorn Simmons Unveiling the Gill Memorial.—4. The Memorial Tablet.
THE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE CAPTAIN GILL AT BRIGHTON COLLEGE

Lords and Commons is the title of Mr. Pinero's new comedy, which will this evening take the place of *Fédora* at the HAYMARKET Theatre. The cast comprises Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mrs. Stirling, Miss Calhoun, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Brookfield, and Mr. Alfred Bishop.

Mrs. Alfred Maddick has left for New York to fulfil an engagement made with Mr. Boucicault for a long professional tour in the United States.

At a *matinée* some time next month, Miss Emily Soldene will give a farewell performance of her original part of Drogan in *Général de Brabant*.

The new ALHAMBRA Theatre, having been certified by the Board of Works to be completed in accordance with the official regulations for the convenience and safety of visitors, will be opened on Monday, December 3, with a new and original fairy spectacular opera by Mr. G. R. Sims, music by Mr. Frederic Clay.

Mr. Grundy's amusing comedy *The Glass of Fashion* will continue to be played at the GLOBE Theatre until further notice. The next novelty at this house under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. J. L. Shine will be a new comedy entitled *Low Water*, the author of which is Mr. Pinero. Mr. Carton and Miss Compton (Mrs. Carton) will play the leading characters.

This afternoon *The Silver King*, which has held its place in the bills of the PRINCESS's since its production on the 16th of November, 1882, will be played for the last time, though it may be safely assumed that a play so original and so full of interest is destined to see many revivals. The theatre will then remain closed for a few nights, to give time for effective rehearsals of the new play called *Claudian*, by Messrs. Wills and Herman, which will be produced on Thursday evening next.

Mr. Hermann Vezin will play Shylock in a performance of *The Merchant of Venice* to be given for his benefit at the GAIETY on Friday, the 30th inst.

Mr. Laurence Barrett, the popular American actor, who is to appear at the LYCEUM in May next, has recently produced a drama founded on the pathetic story of Francesca di Rimini.

To the philosophic mind the comic and *bouffe* operas which are adapted from Continental originals are rarely very satisfying, inasmuch as they are for the most part slenderly provided with humour or with characters which elicit the slightest interest. But the play-going public is not, as a rule, philosophic, and, if the dresses are pretty, the music tuneful, and the dances lively, many other dramatic shortcomings are condoned. *Gillette*, the latest importation of this class, adapted by Mr. H. Savile Clarke from the French original, *Gillette de Narbonne*, was produced at the ROYALTY on Monday evening. The music is by M. Audran, who, by his *Mascotte* and *Olivette*, has won high popular favour. The music of *Gillette* cannot be placed on a par with that of the above-named works, but it is always melodious, and a duet in the first act, a chorus, "Whilst on the road we go," and the *finale* of the second act met with especial approval. Mr. Savile Clarke has purged away the impurities of the Parisian original without spoiling the story, which is more clearly indicated than is sometimes the case in comic operas. We need not here detail the plot, which is based on what Tom Hood styles "the Boccaccio of that industrious compiler, D. Cameron." The piece went much better the second night than the first, the performers having gained confidence, and warmed to their work. Miss Kate Santley and Miss Kate Munroe, it need scarcely be said, sang sweetly, and acted vivaciously; Mr. Walter Browne has a very pleasing voice; Mr. W. J. Hill displayed his usual quiet fun as a tutor in charge of a scapegrace young Prince; while Mr. Fred Kaye was so genuinely humorous as King René, that we wished he had been oftener on the stage.

Mr. Harry Jackson requests us to state that it is at the OPERA COMIQUE and not the CRITERION (as we inadvertently said last week) that Miss Lotta, the favourite American comic actress, is about to make her appearance.

Mr. Henry Mayhew is engaged upon a comedy-drama, intended to give scope to the peculiar capabilities of Mr. G. W. Anson as a character actor. It is founded upon the life of an eminent City merchant, and is intended to illustrate that strange form of mental confusion known as "double consciousness;" the artist will have to represent in rapid alternation the pride of purse and obsequious poverty.

To-day (Saturday) Mr. Du Val gives his hundredth representation in the drawing-room of ST. JAMES'S HALL. A better entertainment has seldom been given in London. Mr. Du Val (who has had varied experiences as an entertainer in South Africa, and who has given the public the result of his experiences in an amusing volume), has a mobile and expressive face, a fair voice, considerable mimetic powers, and unflagging spirits. His entertainment, called *Odds and Ends*, gives him full scope for the display of his gifts. One of the funniest items is that in which Mr. Du Val, by means of parti-coloured wigs and costumes, impersonates with almost simultaneous changes Mephistopheles, Faust, and Marguerite, giving appropriate songs and gestures to each. Professor Dullbore's scientific lecture is well conceived in a vein of dry humour, and Captain Rattlecash at a steeplechase is an impersonation of a directly opposite kind, full of dash, and with a clever "patter" accompaniment. Perhaps the most amusing of the *Odds and Ends* is the picture-gallery, in which Mr. Du Val mimics the peculiarities of well-known living personages. A pleasant two hours may well be spent in the drawing-room of St. James's Hall.



THERE IS A REPORT that Vice-Chancellor Bacon, now in his eighty-sixth year, will before long resign the Judgeship of the Bankruptcy Court. Mr. Justice Field is spoken of as his probable successor.

AMONG THE CALLS TO THE BAR of the Middle Temple on Saturday was that of Mr. Wallace, formerly editor of the *Scotsman*, the chief organ of the Liberal party in Scotland. Before becoming editor of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Wallace was Professor of Church History in Edinburgh, and minister of Grey Friars Church in the same city.

In the Probate and Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice on Tuesday, the custody of the Marquis of Blandford, eldest son of the Duke of Marlborough, about thirteen years old, came into question before Mr. Justice Brett. When the then Marchioness of Blandford obtained in January last a decree *nisi* for a dissolution of her marriage with the present Duke of Marlborough, it was agreed by the parents that the boy should reside with his grandfather, the late Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim. An application was made on Tuesday that the mother should have the custody of her son, while the Duchess of Marlborough, mother of the present Duke, claimed to act as his guardian in the place of her late husband. The young Marquis's mother objects to this arrangement, because Blenheim is now the residence of his father, not of his grandfather. The matter stands over for further consideration. Before the Court rose the decree *nisi* of January was made absolute.

MR. JUSTICE MANISTY and a Special Jury have been engaged for several days in trying a singular will case, Priestman v. Thomas

and others, in which the plaintiff asks to have set aside, on the ground of fraud, a compromise agreed to with the defendants in a Probate Court suit. The plaintiff is the natural son of the testator, a Mr. Whalley, who, according to his statement, he had good grounds for believing was to make him his chief heir. Instead of this he was willed only 6,000*l.*, while the bulk of the estate, amounting to 60,000*l.*, was bequeathed to the defendant Thomas, who was no relation of the testator. The will making this disposition was on a sheet of white paper, and not written but only signed by the testator. The genuineness of the will does not seem to have been at first disputed, and a compromise was come to by which the defendant Thomas took 17,000*l.*, and the rest of the estate was divided between the present plaintiff and the next of kin. It is now alleged by the plaintiff that the testator's signature was affixed not to a will of any kind, but to a pencil note written by Thomas, and which the testator signed, thinking it to be a communication addressed on his behalf to the plaintiff. The plaintiff's contention is that the pencil-marks were rubbed out, yet not so completely as to be still undiscernible, and that Thomas then wrote on the sheet of paper the pseudo-will which left the bulk of the testator's property to himself. The case, of course, is exciting considerable interest.

THE ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE, Miller v. Joy, in which the public and the Press displayed so much interest last week, did not end with the verdict of the jury on Friday awarding to the plaintiff the sum of 2,350*l.* as damages. On a recent application by the defendant to prolong the stay of execution beyond the four days originally granted, Mr. Baron Pollock, who tried the case, significantly remarked that in his opinion, if good sense were to prevail, some arrangement ought to be come to between the parties by which the damages given by the jury would be very materially reduced.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE a curious point has been raised as to the English liability of a Scotch newspaper with a London office. An action for libel, to be tried in London, had been brought against the publisher of the well-known Edinburgh paper, the *Scotsman*, which has a London office in Fleet Street, where copies of the paper may be purchased. The defendant maintained that the sale of the paper was substantially in Scotland, that the cause of action arose there, and that it should be tried in a Scotch, not an English Court of Law. The defendant further contended that there had been no proof of the sale in England of the particular copy of the paper containing the alleged libel, which had been merely inspected on the file at the office in Fleet Street. The Court decided that if the action in London were proceeded with it would be incumbent on the defendant to prove that there had been a sale of that particular copy in England. Otherwise they left in force the original order for service of process on the defendant in Scotland, involving the trial of the action in London.



A NURSERY RHYME is probably responsible for our involuntarily connecting the woodcock and the sparrow, for when we come to think about it we do not remember ever seeing the two birds together until the other day, when we saw them in close proximity in Kensington Gardens. The sparrow is not exactly rare within the metropolitan radius, but the woodcock we at first mistook for a fieldfare. But the woodcock has a very distinguishing mark in the length of its bill, and a closer inspection left no doubt of the species of bird. The woodcock, it need scarcely be remarked, does not have what books on natural history would call its "habitat" in Kensington Gardens, but then neither do green parrots ordinarily roost on telegraph wires in Lombard Street—a thing that we noticed there only the other day. Birds sometimes escape from cages, wild birds sometimes fly very far, and when parrots or woodcocks are seen in London the fact is special but not inexplicable.

TREES, says a contemporary, vary much in their growing powers, and differ greatly in the degree to which they are able to bear a smoky atmosphere. The sycamore is very favourably spoken of, and the Spanish chestnut also survives an amount of smoke which is fatal to the oak and the beech, and blights most evergreens. The Spanish chestnut grows very fast, while its habit of growth is such as to make it a very good tree to plant in windy localities. Both the English and the Dutch elm bear smoke fairly well, and the birch might well be grown more frequently than it is in England. It has the reputation of preferring cold and damp rather than hot or dry weather, but this we fancy has not been fully established.

OUR RIVERS and the prevention of floods form the subject of an interesting article in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal just published. This article should be carefully studied by those who believe under-drainage retards rather than increases the tendency to floods. The state of our rivers is certainly very serious, as many of them are slowly but surely choking up. Locks and weirs are not useful unless the deposits brought down by the stream are regularly removed. The Navigation Trusts have generally very little funds, however, the competition of the railways having almost ruined river traffic. Mr. Wheeler confines his attention in his article to the actual difficulties of floods and their prevention, and he leaves untouched the question of the liability of upper lands to contribute.

FRUIT GROWING.—Writing on this subject, Mr. Whitehead says: "Rather more attention is now being paid in this country to fruit-growing, and some progress has been made during the last few years both as regards planting fresh land, and in a degree also the improvement of existing orchards and fruit plantations. That this recent increase in the plantations is utterly inadequate and insufficient goes without saying, while the amount of improvement to the existing orchard and fruit plantations must appear ridiculously small to those who know districts in which thousands of acres are allowed to remain with the trees unpruned, covered with moss and lichens, and the ground unmanured. It is high time that this state of things were changed, and that fruit-growing were seriously adopted by British agriculturists."

MILK.—It is not very reassuring to find that the medical profession have recently been turning their attention to the animals which Sir Piercy Shafston denominated "the milky mothers of the herd." Various medicines have been tried both on cows and goats, with a view of affecting the milk production, and it seems that the sugar and fatty matters can be largely increased by giving the animal iodide of potassium. A similar effect is produced by doses of a "medicine" commonly known as "beer." This last discovery is full of doleful import for the Good Templar. What shall protect him if the contents of the milk-jug have been "medicated" not after but before leaving the cow? Perhaps the Parliamentary supporters of local option would interfere to prevent the adulteration, not of the milk, but of the cow.

DAIRY FARMING.—In Scotland, dairy farming is gaining special attention, where a Scotch Dairy Farmers' Association is being formed. It is proposed to begin work by paying lecturers and teachers to go up and down the country giving instruction in the management especially of small dairies.

WHEAT since September "has promised to rise," but has not risen. A short crop in England and America, with a mediocre yield in France and Italy, seemed to make it "a safe thing" to buy Indian wheat at 40*s.* and Russian at 41*s.* against the dear times, which with the approach of winter must "inevitably" come. But winter is now near, and meanwhile the Indian wheat worth 40*s.* has gone down to 35*s.*, and the Russian wheat from 41*s.* to 37*s.* per quarter. Serious losses are being incurred and serious grumblings are being uttered, but the corn trade is in the hands of rich men, and "the differences" which its speculators have to meet are not so great as those which Stock Exchange and cotton speculations sometimes create. English wheat of fine quality makes a fair price, but the average sample sells almost at "production value."

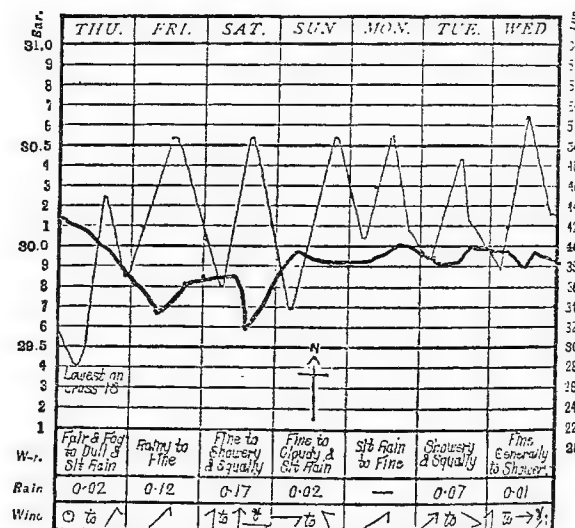
WOOL has fallen in price very considerably in the past few years—that we all know; but probably few of us have been really aware how serious the loss is to farmers. The highest price, 64*s.*, was attained in 1864, while 22*s.* is the price to-day. The value of the wool produced in 1864 was 17,554,166*l.*, while the value of 1883 wool will probably work out at about 6,100,000*l.* The reduction of a single branch of agriculturists' revenue by eleven million pounds sterling per annum is indeed a grave matter for all who are concerned in the welfare of the farmer, and the consequent welfare of the agricultural labourer.

THE SEASON up to the 12th of November remained remarkably open, and on St. Martin's Day (the 11th), thirty-nine plants were noted in bloom in a Somersetshire garden of *eastward* aspect. These included, besides chrysanthemums, dahlias, and wallflowers, the hydrangea, the white jessamine, and the blue clematis. On the 12th a frost cut off many plants, and brought down the last leaves of many trees. On the 16th a change to mild weather occurred, and on the 17th conflicting currents of warm and cold air gave us rain and hail, cyclonic whirlwinds, and *Eurydice* squalls. This contest of weather influences has been followed by a fair time, and November bids fair to win a good general character alike from farmer and citizen. The threshing of corn, especially of barley, has proceeded briskly, while a good extent of land has been sown with wheat under fairly satisfactory conditions.

FARM FENCING undoubtedly costs a good deal of money, but we fancy Professor Scott is rather over-stating his case when he says that for every acre of enclosed land in the United Kingdom there is over a sovereign invested in fences, which cost moreover fully 3*s.* an acre to maintain. There being 45,000,000 enclosed acres in the country he reckons near fifty millions of money is invested in the fencing, and quite 6,750,000*l.* yearly is spent in keeping them up. Professor Scott advocates barb-wire fences as the most economical, but we rather favour two reforms of a somewhat different character. Where fences must be had protection is often needed, and wire fences keep off no winds, and do not shelter stock. On the other hand we do not doubt that many fences might be dispensed with altogether, while, for some purposes, of property boundaries, &c., a cheap trench would be quite effectual.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM NOV. 15 TO NOV. 21 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the past week the weather has been in an unsettled condition; rain and squally winds, with occasional sunshine, prevailing. In the course of Thursday (15th inst.) and part of Friday (16th inst.) the barometer fell briskly, owing to a depression crossing over northern England from the west of Ireland; and the weather which accompanied this barometric disturbance was generally rainy, with winds from the south-westward. Pressure again fell very sharply on Saturday afternoon (17th inst.), and the smart squall and heavy rainfall which attended it was rather general over southern England. Throughout Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (18th, 19th, and 20th inst.) practically little change in the height of the mercurial column occurred, and cloudy skies, with occasional slight showers and light winds generally, were experienced. Wednesday (21st inst.) witnessed a decline in pressure, and while heavy, threatening clouds made their appearance at times, fine weather mostly prevailed. On Thursday (22nd inst.) a severe hailstorm occurred at 3 P.M. Temperature has been rather above the usual. The barometer was highest (30.13 in. Hg.) on Thursday (15th inst.); lowest (29.59 in. Hg.) on Saturday (17th inst.); range, 0.54 in. Temperature was highest (52°) on Wednesday (21st inst.); lowest (28°) on Thursday (15th inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.4 in. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.17 in., on Saturday (17th inst.).

A SPECIAL CONGRATULATORY ODE is to be sung at the opening of the Calcutta Exhibition, on December 4; but, strange to say, the ode is in Italian, simply because an Italian operatic company happens to be at hand to sing the composition. As Italian is a perfectly dead language to most natives, who are fairly acquainted with English, the decision is not greatly appreciated. Meanwhile every nerve is being strained to get all in readiness by the opening day, and the representatives of Great Britain and Australia have been considerably perplexed by finding that, after dividing off their respective departments, they were 23,000 feet short of the required accommodation. Accordingly, fresh annexes must be erected. One of the most prominent objects in the Victorian section will be the gold trophy, in the form of a huge arch, representing in bulk the amount of gold found in the colony up to July 1 last; and close by will be the collection of Australian ferns and plants, which are to be grouped to represent a fern gully—a common feature in a Victorian forest. The Aquarium promises to be another great attraction, and an extra charge will be made for admission. The ordinary prices for the Exhibition itself on five days of the week will be 6*d.* by day and 1*s.* at night. A bi-weekly Urdu paper, the *Exhibition News* (*Jaradai Numaish*), will be published from December to March, to keep the natives well informed respecting the progress of the Exhibition.

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SUMMER AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—AFTERNOON TEA ON THE STOEP



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

I gave myself up to disconsolate meditation.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I AM TAKEN TO THE OPERA

"BLESSED," runs the modern adage, "are they that expect little, for they shall not be disappointed;" and doubtless we are all too prone to form an exaggerated estimate of what is due to ourselves and to society at large from the mass of our fellow-creatures. Great injuries, which commonly arise out of great temptations, for which the philosophic mind can make allowance, are comparatively easy to pardon: it is the minor and meaner offences—such as, perhaps, to our own guardian angel may have been called upon at one time or another to make a note of—it is the shabby little scandals, the ingratiitudes, the infidelities, of every-day life, that cause us to cry aloud in our anguish that mankind is corrupt, and altogether become abominable. For my own part, by dint of growing old and making use of such small powers of observation as I possess, I have, I believe, schooled myself into something not unlike the beatific state of mind above-mentioned; but thirty years ago I was, as a state of mind of course, much more exacting. Human nature did not, at that period of my life, strike me as being at all a complex affair, and I had little difficulty in dividing mankind roughly into two categories: namely, good fellows and scoundrels. Liars, I need hardly say, were *ex officio* members of the latter class; and, after what had occurred at Richmond, I really could not see my way to exempt Harry from the penalties attaching to the denomination under which his conduct necessarily brought him. I remembered now, with bitterness, what my uncle had told me long before about his son's habitual mendacity, and, without stopping to ask why the culprit's past sins had seemed to me so much less heinous than his present one, I anathematised myself for having been such a fool as to think the same fountain could give forth sweet water and bitter.

One thing was certain: I could not attempt to associate with Harry upon the old terms, or to feign ignorance of his duplicity. I felt fully entitled, and very much inclined, to write him a short note, saying that I had found him out; that I should abstain from saying a word that might prejudice him in my uncle's eyes; but that, since he preferred intrigues to plain dealing, he must expect no more aid from me. For Jimmy's sake, however, I would not do that; only I took care to be out all day in order to avoid a passing visit from my cousin, and I determined to go down to Richmond no more.

It would have been a relief to me to tell Lady Constance of the distressing discovery that I had made. Not that I should have been likely to get much pity from her, for she would certainly have both thought and said that I was rightly served; but all my life long I have experienced a necessity for relating my various troubles, immediately after their occurrence, to somebody; and, like most people who own to that kind of weakness, I have seldom lacked patient listeners. It was, however, out of the question that I should take Lady Constance into my confidence in this matter; for Harry had repeatedly and pointedly mentioned her as one of the persons whom he especially desired to keep in the dark as to his identity,

and his having been false to me did not, of course, release me from the promises that I had made to him.

For the rest, Lady Constance was far indeed from entertaining any suspicions of the insignificant Chapman, and my lugubrious looks, which she very soon noticed, were attributed by her to dissatisfaction with her treatment of me—a form of ingratitude that never failed to provoke her to anger.

"What is it that you want?" she asked impatiently, one evening when I had been dining with her, and, according to my custom, had outstayed her other guests. "You sit there with a face as long as one of Mr. Sotheran's harangues; you won't talk to people and do your duty to society; you make yourself supremely ridiculous, if you only knew it. Do you imagine that you are the only person in the world with whom life goes askew? I myself have anxieties enough, and to spare; yet I manage to show a tolerably unconcerned face to my friends."

"You can do a great many things that I can't," I observed. "Very possibly; I shall not contradict you there. But patience and self-control are virtues within the reach of the humblest capacity, and if you possess neither, it is because you don't choose to be at the pains of acquiring them. How foolish you are not to enjoy the present, and make the most of it! The present does not satisfy you? Wait, then."

"How long?" I asked. "Until I lose what I am waiting for?"

Lady Constance struck the palm of her hand sharply with her fan. "You are assuming the pettishness of a spoiled boy," she exclaimed; "and I detest spoiled boys. You were much pleasanter at Franzenshöhe."

Now it so chanced that that was exactly what I was thinking of her at the moment; though I didn't like to say so.

"Come!" she said presently in a more amiable tone; "what shall I do to put you in a good humour? Will you come to the Opera with me?"

"Isn't it rather late?" I objected, looking at my watch, for I infinitely preferred staying where I was.

"Oh, no; we shall hear the last two acts of the *Puritani*, and that is enough in all conscience. Anyhow, I mean to go; you can do as you like about accompanying me."

To be taken to the play against one's will is a small hardship enough, and is submitted to uncomplainingly by a great many people every night of the year; yet, at this particular moment, I chafed against the tacit command which obliged me to answer mechanically that I should be delighted. Was I to be Lady Constance's bond-slave for the rest of my natural life? Would it always be sufficient for her to raise her little finger in order to turn me round it? And in the very improbable event of my ever becoming her husband, would such unconditional submission on my part be calculated to win her respect? I asked myself these questions while she went away to make some change in her dress, and afterwards, while we drove rapidly through the streets towards Covent Garden. I was not angry with her,—for it is evident that, if a man chooses

to prostrate himself at a woman's feet, she will hardly be able to avoid treading upon him; I was not angry with her; but I was angry with myself for having assumed so unbecoming an attitude, and still more so for being unable to abandon it.

It so chanced that we reached the Opera during an *entr'acte*, and our entrance into the large and somewhat conspicuously-placed box which some one had lent to Lady Constance for the evening consequently aroused an amount of notice which it might not have done a little earlier or later. Independent as Lady Constance was in her habits, and little as she cared about ruffling the prejudices of the British matron, she seldom chose to place herself in a really compromising position; and to appear at the Opera, attended by one young man only, was undoubtedly a compromising act, so far as it went. I had not thought of this before; but I realised it fully when I saw that eyes and opera-glasses were being brought to bear upon us from all quarters of the house, and I wondered whether she realised it also. I saw people staring at us and whispering together; I could guess pretty well what they were saying; I knew that, for the moment, my name was upon the lips of a large proportion of the audience; but, truth to tell, all this neither disconcerted nor displeased me. From what I can remember of my own feelings, and from what I have observed of others, I am inclined to believe that young men generally glory in situations which at a more advanced period of life we learn to regard with holy horror. I had no objection to being spoken of as one whom Lady Constance Milner delighted to honour; it did not strike me that any of those who thus spoke of me would be likely to be laughing in their sleeves; I was conscious, indeed, of an amiable wish that Mr. Sotheran might be somewhere among the spectators.

But before the curtain rose again my silly vanity was snuffed out in an unexpected fashion. While I was surveying the house languidly, and scrutinising the various boxes and their occupants, a face came on a sudden within the field of my vision which caused me to lower my glasses and to turn hot and cold all over. Since I was so willing to advertise myself as Lady Constance's favoured suitor, it would have been difficult to say why I should have minded Miss Dennison's recognition of me in that character; but I did mind it. I minded it so much that, if escape had seemed in any way practicable, I should most certainly have arisen, and fled without more ado. As it was, I sat motionless, unable to remove my eyes from her, and aware that she, for her part, was gazing steadily and somewhat eagerly in my direction. My sight, as a young man, was remarkably good, and I could distinguish every detail of Maud's features across the intervening space as clearly as if she had been within a few feet of me. I saw that she was looking, not at my companion, but at me; her lips were slightly parted; her large grey eyes were opened rather widely; I almost fancied that she wished to attract my attention. At last I felt bound to bow, and received a nod in return. Then I glanced at Lady Constance, and perceived that none of this by-play had been lost upon her.

"You look quite overcome," she remarked, with something not very far removed from a sneer in her smile. "May I ask whether

the young woman over the way is our old friend Dulcinea Dennison?"

The nickname of Dulcinea was inappropriate and offensive; but I thought perhaps I had better not take exception to it. "It is Miss Dennison," I replied, a trifle sullenly.

Lady Constance raised her opera-glasses, adjusted them deliberately, and made a lengthy and careful inspection of Maud; after which she delivered her verdict, without any sort of regard for my feelings. "She is pretty—extremely pretty, in her way. If you still possess any influence with her, though, you should use it to dissuade her from sitting with her mouth open; a habit of that kind would be enough to make Venus herself look like a booby. But I believe all the Norfolk rustics have mouths from ear to ear, have they not?"

Now, as I have already hinted, I had been vaguely desirous of picking a quarrel with Lady Constance all the evening; but this really outrageous speech would have roused my ire at any time. "She is *not* a Norfolk rustic," I retorted, hotly; "her mouth is simply perfect in shape, as anybody can see; and as for her sitting with it open—well, I must say that you yourself yawn more often than any one that I ever saw or heard of."

My rudeness did not provoke Lady Constance, who only laughed slightly. "But I am always careful to conceal my yawns behind my hand," she observed. "Besides, I am not pretty; so it doesn't signify. You have not quite got over your first love, after all, I see."

"You know very well that that is not true," I was beginning; but she laid her finger on my arm and stopped me.

"We won't wrangle over it in public, please," she said, still laughing. "Do you know that you are as red as a turkey cock, and that everybody is staring at you? Very likely Miss Dennison only opened her perfect mouth in horror at the sight of you in your present predicament;—which would show what a well brought-up young woman she must be. She is quite right; I am neither old nor ugly enough to dispense with the safety of numbers, and in my heart I am dreadfully frightened of Mrs. Grundy in the bargain. Let us hasten to put a stop to the scandal. Quite down there, in the left hand corner, near the entrance to the stalls, you will see a large white patch standing out of the shade; it is the waistcoat of Mr. Sotheran. Go down and fetch him. We will not have him alone, though, on account of Miss Dennison's mouth and Mrs. Grundy's tongue. In other parts of the house you will discover other acquaintances. Tell them all to come up here and talk to me. As for you, you had better go and talk to Miss Dennison."

"Thank you; I think I will," answered I defiantly; though I had no intention of doing anything of the kind.

I carried out my instructions; I collected the gratified Sotheran and two other men; and then, retiring to the back of the box, gave myself up to disconsolate meditation. I was by way of being offended with Lady Constance, both on account of the ill-natured manner in which she had spoken of Maud and of the readiness she had shown to dispense with my society; but soon I abandoned this pretended grievance, and acknowledged inwardly that it was not with Lady Constance, her sayings or her doings, that I was dissatisfied, but with my own life, and with what I had made of it. The four people in front of me were keeping up a brisk interchange of chatter and chaff; even after the curtain rose three of them continued to talk in an undertone, only Mr. Sotheran, who occupied the place which I had vacated, relapsing into serene, radiant silence. None of them took any notice of me; nor did I pay much attention to their proceedings. While they were whispering together, while solo, chorus, and recitative were succeeding one another on the stage, while bouquets were being thrown and hands clapped, I was wandering in spirit far away from all that noise, heat, and glitter. I was sitting in a punt among the tall weeds of Thirlby Broad; I was standing in the conservatory at the old Rectory, the cold moon shining upon the glass, upon the colourless flowers, and upon a shadowy white figure bent over them; in a melancholy procession the lost days of my youth were passing before me, and every now and again I was muttering inaudibly, "Oh, you ass!—you unspeakable ass!"

Thus it came to pass that at the end of the act I yielded to an impulse which had been growing upon me for half an hour or more, and, slipping quietly out into the corridor, passed round to the door of the box which was occupied by Maud and her friends. I was at once admitted, and was presently shaking hands with Mrs. Saville, that sister of the Rector under whose roof Maud's childhood had been spent, and with whom I had a slight acquaintance. I was introduced to her daughter, and the two ladies received me with that modified civility which is all that a young man without definite intentions or definite prospects is entitled to expect; but from Maud herself I met with a much warmer greeting.

"Oh, Charley," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come! I was afraid you didn't intend to speak to me, and I was thinking of making a signal to you; only Aunt Charlotte said it wouldn't be proper." Then she bent forward and added in a lower tone, "I want rather particularly to talk to you about something."

The opportune entrance at this moment of an eligible young gentleman, upon whom Mrs. Saville bestowed a motherly smile of welcome, enabled me to reply that I was all attention. Maud ceded her place to the new-comer, who dropped into it without much protestation, and, withdrawing into the background, beckoned to me to follow her. I asked her whether she was going to stay any time in London, and she answered that she would probably remain a few weeks with her aunt. "But my real reason for coming up now," she added, "was that I hoped to see you. Charley, you must go home at once—at once, mind. Things are going badly there."

I was startled for an instant; but her meaning flashed across me directly. "I know what it is," I said. "Mrs. Farquhar has found Harry, and means to bring him back to Thirlby."

"Yes, that it is; but there is worse than that. I am afraid your uncle is giving way. My father says he is sure of it, and that he hasn't seen Mr. Le Marchant in such low spirits for years. You seem amused; but I can assure you there is nothing to laugh at. I believe your only chance is to go down and see him immediately, and I came to London to tell you so. You will go, won't you, Charley?" she concluded persuasively. "You won't be so silly as to ruin yourself, when a word or two might set everything straight!"

"It's awfully kind of you to interest yourself about me," said I, "but—"

"What nonsense!" she interrupted. "Of course I interest myself about you, and I hate to be called 'kind' by my friends."

"Very well," I answered, laughing; "then I'll endeavour not to call you 'kind' any more. But don't you see that even if, as you say, I could set things straight by a word or two, I should be bound to hold my tongue? The real truth is that no words will ever move my uncle in one direction or the other; but anyhow, I have always thought, and still think, that Harry has been unjustly treated, and that he ought to have his own again."

"Perhaps so; but let us at least have fair play. If Mr. Le Marchant, after all these years, suddenly discovers that he has done his son an injustice and determines to have him back again, well and good. But what I do object to is that he should be put in your place because he is supposed to be a steadier fellow than you are."

"I don't know that any one supposes that," said I.

"Of course not;—you don't know anything about it. But I know. Mrs. Farquhar has done you a great deal more harm than you think. She goes about everywhere saying that you are extravagant and idle, and—and—well, all sorts of disagreeable things that are not true."

"But perhaps they are true."

"I don't believe it," answered Maud stoutly. "Mrs. Farquhar makes a great deal of a small farm being put up for sale; but Mr. Le Marchant himself told my father that you had not asked him for a penny; and as for the rest—well, perhaps that is not true either. But even if it were—"

She paused here, and I inquired what further iniquities had been laid to my charge.

"Will you be offended if I tell you?" she asked. "It isn't worth while to repeat little shrewish speeches and hints; the sum and substance of it all is that Mrs. Farquhar suspects you of wanting to marry somebody who will eat up the property."

This was a subject upon which I was not disposed to enter. "I can't make out about my uncle's wanting to part with land," I said; "it is very unlike him to do that. Do you know which farm it is that he means to dispose of?"

"Deephams, I believe. It is poor land, you know; but the Welbys have always had a hankering after it, because it juts into their property, and my father says Sir Digby will give more for it than it is worth. At all events, Mrs. Farquhar was not telling the truth in saying that Mr. Le Marchant needed the money to pay your debts."

"No; she certainly was not," I agreed; "but if it amuses her to tell lies, she's welcome; it doesn't hurt me. By George!" I exclaimed, in a sudden access of disgust with the entire human race, "I believe everybody tells lies, except you and I and Uncle Bernard."

"Won't you even make an exception in favour of Lady Constance Milner?" asked Maud with a slightly malicious smile. "Is that Lady Constance in the box opposite?"

I answered gloomily that it was.

"She is distinguished-looking," observed Maud, "and she seems to have plenty to say for herself. Tell me, Charley, is it really true that you want to marry her?"

"Down at Hailsham you laughed at the idea of my doing such a thing," I remarked.

"Did I? Well, I am not laughing now; and I want very much to know whether you are in earnest about her."

"Oh, I suppose so," I answered in a sort of despair. "I don't know. Sometimes I think I am, and sometimes I think I am not. However, she won't marry me now that Harry is to have Thirlby; so it doesn't matter."

Maud frowned thoughtfully. "She cannot very well marry you if she is badly off and if you have only a few hundreds a year. But if you are in earnest—and I think you must be—you ought, for her sake, to stand up for yourself."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed irritably, "you are very anxious to see me married to her. Luckily, I am not in a position to yield to temptation. If my uncle has decided to forgive Harry, it is not because of anything that Mrs. Farquhar has said against me; I am as certain of that as I am of my own existence. I don't think that there can be any harm in my telling you now that I met Harry a long time ago, and that I have been doing my best ever since to smooth the way for his return."

Maud looked completely puzzled, and confessed that she was so. "I am convinced that Mr. Le Marchant is displeased with you," she said at last, "and my father thinks the same thing. Tell me about this young man. What do you think of him?"

"He isn't a young man any longer," I answered. "Honestly speaking, I don't think much of him. At first I liked him; but he told me a very shabby sort of lie the other day, and I can't get over it. I shall let him play his own hand now. Of course I shall not stand in his way; but I don't mean to help him again. To be sure, I couldn't help him much if I would."

Maud was about to make some rejoinder; but the rising of the curtain and the departure of the eligible youth put a stop to confidential intercourse, and she only managed to say, as I was bidding her good-night, "You will go to Thirlby, won't you?"

"I won't promise," answered I. "As far as I can see at present, my going there would do no earthly good."

Then I returned to Lady Constance's box in a less sentimental, but not much more cheerful frame of mind than that in which I had quitted it. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Sotheran was kind enough to congratulate me in a loud, sonorous voice, upon my good fortune in having been accorded so lengthy an interview by the beautiful girl opposite. "We all saw you," said he. "A very charming young lady, upon my word! May I venture to ask her name?"

Lady Constance answered for me. "That young lady," she said, laughing, "is a Miss Dennison, an old flame of Mr. Maxwell's. They broke a sixpence together in their childhood, and when he left his happy home she gave him a 'bacca box' marked with his name, or some other token of her regard. And she has never been false she declares—whatever he may have been during his wanderings. Don't look so angry, Mr. Maxwell; they are all envying you—especially Mr. Sotheran, who is innocent of having broken any sixpences or hearts in his life."

So we made our way down the staircase; but when I was handing Lady Constance into her brougham, she turned upon me all of a sudden with a cold look of contempt. "After all," said she, "you are not worth much."

She was gone before I had time to ask her what she meant; and I walked away westwards, wondering whether it was possible that she could be jealous of Maud.

CHAPTER XXX.

I RECEIVE ADVICE FROM HARRY AND MR. SOTHERAN

IT falls to the lot of most men, at one time or another of their lives, to be compelled to look through the papers of a deceased friend or relative; and some people, if one may judge by their subsequent oracular utterances and shakings of the head, do not find this task a wholly distasteful one. It is apt, no doubt, to lead to highly interesting discoveries, to throw broad and unexpected lights upon the character of the defunct, and to add something to the searcher's stock of knowledge and wisdom. Nevertheless, the act of prying into the private letters of a dead man might seem, if it did not come under the head of a duty, to be not very far removed from the quintessence of meanness; and therefore, let us hope, there will always be a certain number of honest folks in the world who, after performing it, will go about for some days with shamed faces and depressed spirits. Perhaps, upon the whole, it is more charitable to prevent the risk of honest persons being put to shame by destroying all letters of a strictly private nature while one is still in a position to destroy them; and, for my own part, I have always endeavoured to act upon this principle. When I die, my heirs, executors and assigns will not find themselves overburdened with manuscript. In the despatch-box which stands upon my writing-table they will discover my will, a few other documents of importance, and only a single packet of letters, every one of which they are heartily welcome to peruse, and will indeed be all the better for perusing.

These letters are written in a clear, cramped writing—the writing of a student, accustomed to making marginal notes. The hand that traced the crabbed characters has turned to dust; the paper is yellow with age; the ink has faded to a pale brown hue; the subject-matter relates to events which, for the most part, have long since passed into the category of forgotten things. Yet it still happens to me, every now and again, to read them over, and one of them (dated "Thirlby, July 10, 1854") lies before me now. In it I am informed that my uncle, having been told of Harry's marriage and Jimmy's birth, and having seen attested copies of the marriage and baptismal certificates, has felt bound to invite the whole family to

pay him a visit. "After all that I have said to you at different times," the writer proceeds, "you will easily understand that I have not as yet committed myself in any way as to the ultimate disposal of my property; nor shall I do so in haste. At the same time I want you to clearly understand that your chance of succeeding me here has been changed by events from a very good to a very indifferent one. I don't care to disguise from you that I consider what has happened as a misfortune both for you and for me; but I hope our backs are broad enough to bear most burdens. If not we must try to broaden them."

And then, after many kind words and some sensible advice, he goes on: "One thing you ought certainly to know, namely, the amount of income that you may henceforth expect; and as to that, I may say that, during my life, you will always have a thousand a year (including the interest of your own money). After I die there will be a little more; but not very much, I am afraid, for I think I am bound to hand over the estate to my successor as I received it."

My uncle was evidently very sorry for me; but for myself I had no regrets. For some weeks past I had felt convinced that Harry's restoration was only a question of time, and it was a relief to have done with suspense and mystery. Of my own prospects I preferred, for the moment, not to think. I pushed the consideration of them into a pigeon-hole of my mind, only remarking to myself that they were no worse than I had expected them to be. At that time I hardly knew whether a thousand a year was a large or a small income for a bachelor; though I could not but be aware that it would be ridiculously inadequate to the requirements of Lady Constance Milner's husband.

My cousin had behaved so badly to me that I felt under no obligation to congratulate him upon the change in his fortunes; nevertheless, on the day succeeding that of my meeting with Maud at the Opera, I could not resist taking the train for Richmond. In this I was actuated, I own, chiefly by curiosity. I wanted to see what Harry would do when confronted with a direct accusation of double-dealing; added to which, I was anxious to hear any account that Paulina might have to give of her share in the discreditable business.

Jimmy, who was swinging on the garden gate, descried me from afar, and came tearing down towards me with extravagant demonstrations of joy. "Oh, Cousin Charley!" he exclaimed, "have you heard? We're all going down to-morrow to that place where you live, and we're to stay a long time. Perhaps we shall stay there always, if we're good, father says; but mother says she don't believe a word of it. Why don't you come with us?"

I answered that I hoped to join the party later.

"I say," Jimmy went on, turning his sharp little face up to me, "do you think the old buffer will let us stop?"

"I hope so," I replied; "but I wouldn't call him 'the old buffer,' if I were you. He is your grandfather, you know."

"So he is," said Jimmy, with a delighted chuckle; "what a rum start! I should think he's sure to like father and me; but if mother chucks a glass of water in his face, or something, he may cut up rough, don't you see?"

"I dare say she won't do that," I remarked.

Jimmy shook his head doubtfully. "I wouldn't answer for her," said he; "she's been precious queer all day—laughing and crying, you know, the way she always does before she pitches into one of us. I tell you what: I wish she'd stop here and let father and me go without her!"

I thought to myself that Jimmy was perhaps not the only person who entertained that amiable wish; but I made no reply. As we approached the cottage, Harry came slowly down the path to meet us. He looked a little nervous, and seemed anxious to avoid my eye; but it was in his ordinary calm voice that he said:—

"I'm glad you thought of coming down this afternoon. We are off to-morrow, as I suppose you have heard. Now, Jimmy, make yourself scarce; your cousin and I are going to have some private conversation." When the boy was gone, he added, "I am afraid you are not best pleased."

"I am not pleased at having been humbugged," answered I bluntly; for I didn't see why I should mince matters. "I think it is quite right that you should go to Thirlby; you know that well enough."

Harry sighed. "The experiment is not likely to prove a success," he said; "but I am bound to make it, I suppose. You are annoyed, I fancy, because I didn't tell you that my grandmother had been here the other day; but really I couldn't help that."

"Why, you told me in so many words that she had *not* been here!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"That comes to pretty much the same thing, doesn't it? What could I do when you put the question to me? The old lady had made me promise that I wouldn't let anybody know we had seen her."

"I don't think you ought to have said what you did, all the same," returned I. "It isn't as if you had contented yourself with simply denying the fact; you spoke in such a way that it was impossible to disbelieve you."

"But is there any particular merit in telling a clumsy lie?" asked Harry mildly. "If you say that all lies are wicked, I understand you; but as the only conceivable object of lying is to deceive, it seems to me that one may as well do the thing artistically while one is about it."

"Well," I said, "I give you every credit for being a first-class artist. I shouldn't much care to excel in that particular branch of art myself; but there's no accounting for tastes. The drawback to being so very clever is that when a man finds that you have taken him in once, he is apt to suspect you of having taken him in before."

Harry stole a quick sidelong glance at me, but said nothing.

"You tell me," I continued, "that Mrs. Farquhar did not wish you to mention her having been in your house; and that is all very well. But what made her come to your house? I have an idea—and if I am wrong, you have only yourself to blame for it—that you have been privately scheming to make your way back to Thirlby all the time that you have been protesting to me that you did not want ever to see the place again. I tell you this because I may not have another opportunity, and because I should like you to understand that I am not an absolute fool, though I may be credulous."

Harry's apparent shamelessness had goaded me into saying rather more than I had intended; but I became furious when he rejoined quietly:—

"Are you not feeling a little sore at the prospect of losing a fine estate? After all, it would be strange if you were not."

"Think that I am, then, if you like," cried I, in great wrath. "Think so, if you can, after all that I have said and done to prove myself your friend. I suppose you can't understand how a gentleman feels upon such things."

"By all means," said Harry, "let it be agreed that I am incapable of entering into a gentleman's feelings. Nevertheless, I didn't ask Mrs. Farquhar to come here, and I didn't want her to come. I thought, and think, that the sight of Paulina would be quite enough to complete the sentiment of disgust with which my father has honoured me for so many years; and therefore, if I had been scheming against you, the very last thing that I should have wished to make known would have been my marriage. The old lady had my address, and she chose to make a descent upon Richmond without giving me a hint of her intentions. If you don't believe me, ask her."

I did not know what to think. I had lost faith in Harry; yet it

was difficult to doubt that he was speaking the truth in this particular instance. "Perhaps I ought to apologise," I began at last, rather reluctantly.

"Pray, don't think of doing that," he interrupted, with a short laugh; "nobody is bound to apologise to me under any circumstances. The only wonder is that you should have trusted me as long as you have done. But I tell you candidly that your present indignation seems to me positively ridiculous. Why should I have wished to conceal from you that my grandmother had been here? She asked me to keep it dark, and I made no difficulty about obliging her. As far as I understand you, you would have done the same thing; only you would have quieted your conscience by doing it so badly that you would have been detected at once."

I was puzzled, and ingenuously confessed as much; whereat Harry laughed again.

"I know you are," he said; "you think there is some dark plot on foot. Let me tell you the truth; you can believe me or not, as you please. Mrs. Farquhar has thrown you overboard, not out of any love for me, but because she has taken a scare about you. She is a parsimonious old creature, and some one has told her that you are developing into a spendthrift. Besides which, she heard that it was quite upon the cards that you might marry an extravagant woman. Immediately it occurred to her that even I, bad as I am, might be less likely to ruin the estate than Lady Constance Milner, and she dashed up here post-haste to tell me so. She was so much in earnest that she accepted Paulina without making many wry faces, and wept over Jimmy. All this would probably have led to nothing; but when my father heard that I had a son, he found out that it was his duty to try and make friends with me, and he has sent for me accordingly. What that will lead to remains to be seen. If you ask me, I expect that it will lead to the whole lot of us being kicked out of the house at the end of a week."

By this time I was a little ashamed of myself. I held out my hand to Harry, who said—"Do you acquit me of plotting and scheming, then?"

"Yes," I answered; "I do. The fact of the matter is, Harry, that you and I have a different way of looking at things; and I confess that I was a little staggered by your—your—"

"By my readiness of resource, let us say. Now I do wonder whether I shall put you in a rage if I repeat the question that I started with! Anyhow, I'll risk it. Are you feeling at all sore about my going to Thirlby?"

"You don't put me in a rage by asking such questions," I replied; "but you astonish me rather. Haven't I been doing all I could to bring about this very thing ever since I first met you?"

"Yes; but success is not always as pleasing as endeavour. You ought to be feeling sore, you know; it must be an infernal nuisance for you. What about your matrimonial prospects, for instance?"

I shrugged my shoulders in silence.

"Now listen to me, Charley," said Harry, laying his hand upon my arm; "don't you hurry off to Lady Constance and tell her the game is up. The game is not up at all. My father detests me; unless he is very much altered from what he used to be, he will be simply horrified at Paulina; and I doubt whether he is of an age to enjoy the playful ways of small boys. I couldn't, in justice to Jimmy, refuse to accept the olive-branch; but I look upon this visit as a very doubtful experiment, and I think there is an excellent chance of my being finally cleared out of your path before the autumn."

"You don't understand your father," said I. "He will do what he believes to be his duty, whatever happens. Also, you are quite mistaken in thinking that he will detest any of you."

"We shall see," answered Harry, smiling. "At all events, don't push Lady Constance into Mr. Sotheran's arms before you know what your fate is to be."

"I shall tell her the exact truth," I said. "I shall tell her that my uncle has sent for you."

"Including my anticipations as to the result?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. Now I must be off. Am I to be allowed to shake hands with Paulina before I go?"

"By all means," answered Harry. "I'll go into the house and fetch her."

However, he returned presently, saying he was sorry that his wife was not visible. "She has worked herself up into a state of excitement over this business, and the consequence is that she is lying down now with a splitting headache. I'll say goodbye to her for you."

(To be continued)



A GREATER contrast it is impossible to imagine than that between Lady Duffus Hardy's "Down South" (Chapman and Hall) and Mr. Bacon's edition of "King's Dictionary of Boston" (King, Cambridge, Mass.). The latter, every one who visits "the Hub of the Universe," ought to have in his pocket; it will be at once his Murray or Baedeker and his Dickens's "London." The former takes us to places where people seldom go, one reason being that few care to risk malaria fever even for the pleasure of steaming on those lovely Florida rivers. It is not exhilarating, when you are on deck in a delicious half-dozed, to have a fellow-passenger thrust a bottle of medicated salts under your nose, with the bland inquiry: "Sickening for the fever, ma'am? You're looking pale." The silver springs under the Ocklawaha must be marvellous; eighty feet of such clear water that you see the fairy flowers at the bottom, and fancy you can touch the arches and crevasses of many-coloured rocks, which look as if all the jewels in the world had been gathered together and poured into the great earth-hollow that you go gliding over. We are quoting Lady Hardy (it is a fair sample of her style); but though the witchery of her language makes the place seem very tempting, we would rather quote her than be obliged to go where at the moment of sundown the hardy few who don't retire to their berths move about, wrapped in shawls and cloaks, taking small doses of quinine, keeping up a shower of toilet vinegar, bringing out anti-malaria lozenges, or fastening on like a nose-bag a bottle of camphorated spirits. Still, one would like to see the grand beach at Ferdinandanda; and the old-world drowsiness of very Spanish St. Augustine (far the oldest town in North America) must be refreshing after a series of brand-new "cities." Travellers don't often get "Down South"; and therefore we are the more grateful to Lady Hardy for pleasantly introducing us to Richmond, with Sculptor Valentine's studio; to Savannah, "the forest city"—"perfectly idyllic, simple, and primitive in its ways;" to New Orleans, "with its sky of a blue before which the bluest of Italian skies would seem pale." Lady Hardy explains in a few words, with a sensible woman's directness, the reason why New Orleans is and must be unhealthy—this, "Paris of the South," "a beautiful human nest; low lying, as in a hole scooped out of the solid earth, many feet below the Mississippi, partly surrounded by swamps of the rankiest kind." This explains the yellow fever, but not why such a place should have been chosen as the site of a great city. But then at Atlanta, twenty hours off, the water is like pea-soup; so perhaps there is not much choice in the way of sites. Lady Hardy hits off very pleasantly the humours of American travel. She is delighted with the still intense patriotism of the South, which we are glad to say is taking the form of industrial activity. Her book continually

reminds us of Kingsley's "At Last;" and, as that is one of Kingsley's best books, we need say no more in her favour. Mr. Bacon's "Boston" has a preface by Dr. Ellis, describing the growth of the city, and of its enormous debt, 113 dollars a head, its poor's-relief appliances, &c. Among these we note diet-kitchens, dating from 1874; as well as almshouses and homes. Some of them are on Deer Island, where the Christian Indians were confined during the War of 1675. The dictionary is not only a complete guide-book, but also gives historical events, such as "General Gage and the Boston boys."

"Society Small Talk" and "Society Manners and Tone" were so well received by the public that "A Member of the Aristocracy" has added to them "The Letter-Writer of Modern Society" (Warne). He tells a lady how to accept or decline invitations to dinner; how to say "yes" or "no" to a suitor, whether he is a widower or a man she has seen only twice or one who has the rashness to propose without introduction. A gentleman in like manner is instructed how to apologise for unfounded jealousy, how to break off an engagement, how to write to a guardian excusing his extravagance. Little girls are taught what to say to grand-mamma; cooks and butlers how to give notice, and also how to offer marriage to one another. We are glad that gush seems at a discount; it went out with "the small Italian handwriting" which is "very much out of date." So, it appears, is "presenting compliments." The use of "&" for "and," of "yrs." for "yours," of "v" for "very," belongs to higher circles than those of which we have experience. "An agreement for a lease for a certain period" comes in somewhat strangely in such a volume.

"The Republic of Uruguay" (Stanford) is a book for intending colonists, issued by authority of the Consulate-General of Uruguay, and gives a very complete account of the history, geography, and statistics of the country. In the preface to the first edition (the second is before us) we are told that while the government of the Republic has made efficient provision for receiving and assisting emigrants, it has not undertaken anything like an emigration propaganda. Peasant proprietorship seems hardly the thing for Uruguay. The colonist must feel in those wide spaces a good deal like Virgil's *armentarius Afer*; he will be wise to attach himself to a company like the Liverpool *Prange Estancia*, Mr. Rathbone's report of which contains such a lively account of the cattle-killing, or to the Liebig Extract Company at Fray Bentos. It is one thing to have to pay 2,000*l.* a suerte (about 5,600 acres) for your land, and spend 3,000*l.* more in stocking it, and quite another to get your 100 acres free in Manitoba on condition of clearing a third in three years. But then 30° below zero in winter and 90° in the shade in summer are not pleasant; and by and by, as towns grow up, there will be room in Uruguay for more of those agricultural colonies (at present chiefly of Swiss, Savoyards, and Spanish from the Canary Isles) in which already fruit and vegetables are among the chief things grown. Uruguay, or Banda Oriental, has its hero, Lavalleja, who, with his "immortal 33," helped to free the Argentine Republic from Brazil. Admiral Brown, an Irishman, materially aided in this struggle, which was certainly preferable to the exploits of blood-stained *candillos* like Artigas. By the way, one of the advantages set forth in this volume is that Uruguay is "absolutely free from any vestige of that indigenous population which is elsewhere the chief social and political bane." Unfortunately the breed of military dictators has not yet become extinct. Between Uruguay and Buenos Ayres there does not seem much to choose; the Uruguay cattle are bigger and make better beef, yet strange to tell the Buenos Ayres grass is finer and more fattening. The great point in favour of Uruguay is that it possesses the only good harbour in that part of America.

"Censo General de la Provincia de Buenos Aires" (emprente de El Diario, Buenos Aires), is certainly not meant, with its 600 large quarto pages, for emigrants. Yet the candour with which the unfavourable as well as the favourable conditions of soil and climate—the fear of sudden hurricanes, the want of trees in many parts, the malaria on the Brazilian frontier, as well as the general fertility, the scarcely broken level, making it so easy to construct tramways and railroads—are put down, makes this "Censo" a valuable book for those who want to know not what the emigration agent says but what the best scientific talent of the country affirms concerning it. With its exhaustive account, moreover, of the geology, fauna, flora, and its really splendid maps—physical, electoral, judicial, &c., it is a book which no public library ought to be without. When we say that the records of population are carried back to the year 1744, and include every subsequent census, we have said enough to show the thoroughness with which the work has been carried through. It reflects great credit on the Commission, of which Dr. Diego de la Fuente was the President; and the paper, printing, &c., show that Buenos Ayres is by no means behind the age in these matters.

If we say little about "Egypt and the Egyptian Question" (Macmillan) it is because Mr. Mackenzie Wallace is sure not to lack readers. In a work by him every one knows what to expect; nor will any one be disappointed. He gives a masterly *resumé* of the Question, and a searching analysis of the causes which led to the unhappy bombardment and the subsequent war. Of course he has a *bête noire*; every one who studies Egypt has. Mr. Senior divided his blame between Abbas and Said, Mr. Wallace's chief sinner is the then untried Ismail; whence we may reasonably infer that the family gets worse every generation. That Ismail in his grand schemes was wholly innocent of any regard for the good of Egypt is proved in a hundred ways. One of his tricks was to lay on lands that he coveted such heavy taxes that the fellahs were glad to surrender them in lieu of payment. The Khédive seized the lands, and immediately made them tax free. That is a fair sample of the conduct of the man whom, as long as he could pay 13 per cent., Europe delighted to honour and to besiege with offers of loans. We earnestly recommend Mr. Wallace's readers not to be satisfied with reading for pleasure his About-like sketches, but carefully to study the work. The chapter on "Official Misconceptions" contains a heavy indictment against our Cabinet. Arabi did represent a real national movement; though again and again our responsible statesmen told us that he was simply a military adventurer, and that he and his fellows represented none but themselves. We were also assured there was terrorism; there was nothing of the kind. "By our armed intervention we delayed the birth of Egyptian public opinion for a generation;" but, being there, Mr. Wallace is quite sure we must stay in armed force unless we are prepared to leave chaos behind us. An economic crisis is coming; for much of the land is hopelessly over-mortgaged, and it has under the Khédives been so "scoured" with exhausting crops that it is visibly impoverished. We shall be wanted during this crisis; not only, let us hope, to prevent a repudiation which would undoubtedly be the fairest thing all round. Mr. Wallace does not approve of our buying the Canal, but he proves that the whole of the management—dues included—needs overhauling. There is not a page of the book which those who care to master the question can afford to leave unread.

What a treasure "The Universal History of Rome" (Cassell) would have been to the schoolboy of the last generation! It is easy to criticise the woodcuts, but they are just of the kind which boys like, and which do good because they fix themselves in a boy's memory. There is authority for making the Augurs in Plate 72 on the broad grin; but why the Sibyl has a negro boy to carry her books we cannot tell. Virgil is a little too like a mediæval saint (though for this again there is mediæval authority); but the Jerusalem Temple invaded by Pompey is, in its plain Egyptian style,

a happy contrast to the fondly imagined absurdities which do duty in most religious books. Mr. Ollier's letterpress is clear and full. It takes us down to A.D. 476. The account of the different Servile Wars (a subject slurred over in the old school histories) is very striking. The chapters on art, literature, and social life are by Mr. Lloyd Sanders, of Christ Church, Oxford. We cannot imagine a more acceptable prize for a junior boy.

If we may trust Crabb Robinson, to live with the Aikins must have been as decidedly unpleasant as to read "Memories of Twenty Years Ago" (Griffith and Farran) is delightful. He, whose wide experience made him a good judge, said to the writer of this book, Mrs. Barbauld's grand-niece: "The Aikins were the stiffest, coldest, driest people I ever knew. Your mother came among them like an angel of light," adding, by way of balm to the wound, "You are her very image." Pleasant or unpleasant, not one of them can lay claim to genius; they were simply, in the words of the title-page, "a literary family;" and (as our author confesses in her preface) a little literature went much farther in those days than it does now. Yet they were well inside the sacred circle, or, rather, they formed one of the many centres round which genius revolved. Hence this book is full of *ana* about celebrities of all kinds, from John Howard and Dr. Priestley to Miss Martineau and Joanna Baillie. Scott sought an introduction to the sister of Lucy Aikin, though he failed to recognise her as Mrs. Barbauld. Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is Dr. Doddridge's love letter. He, a staid schoolmaster of thirty, was deeply smitten with Jenny Jennings, a girl of fifteen, daughter of his predecessor at Kibworth. But Jenny had been presented at Court by one of the Annesleys, her relations. She would none of him, though he pleaded that the pious Mr. Cotton was also thirty when he married a girl of fifteen. Her fate, however, was to be a schoolmaster's wife, for she married Dr. Aikin the elder, who succeeded Doddridge, and afterwards became Divinity Professor at Warrington Academy. The sketch of Gilbert Wakefield, one of the author's grandfathers, is deeply interesting. His theological doubts, his efforts to suppress the slave trade, his attacks on the Pitt policy, take us into a well-nigh forgotten world. So does the notice of Rammohun Roy discussing pre-existence and the Trinity at routs and balls, and overhearing an Indian officer of rank ask angrily: "What does that black fellow do here?" Despite Crabb Robinson, we confess to a liking for the Aikins themselves. As for their writings, any one can laugh (as *Punch* did) at "Evenings at Home," but it was far better than most children's books of to-day.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE Council of the Royal Society have awarded the medals at their disposal for the current year as follows:—To Sir William Thomson, the Copley Medal; to Professor T. A. Hirst a Royal Medal; to Professor Burdon-Sanderson a Royal Medal; and the Davy Medal to M. Berthelot and Professor Julius Thomsen.

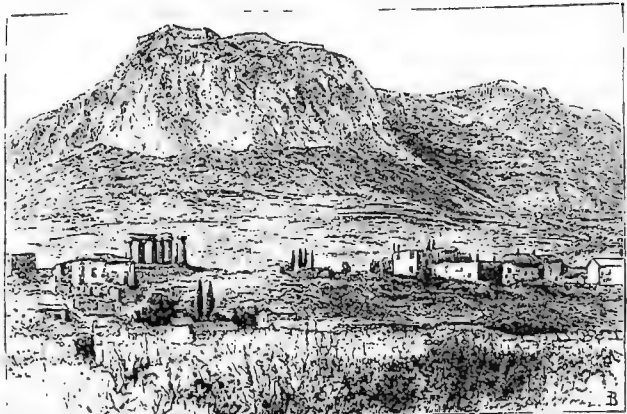
A very interesting trial of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's telpherage system took place recently at Weston Manor, near Stevenage. This system may be described as a method of carrying small weights along a line wire stretched between supporting posts, and has been elaborated with the help of the well-known electricians, Professors Ayrton and Perry. The locomotive is an electro motor, little more than twelve inches in length, and receives its energy from a stationary dynamo machine, through the medium of the metallic wire upon which it travels. Its duty is to drag behind it a train of cradles, also hanging upon the same line, and each capable of bearing a load of about one hundredweight. The system requires little attention, for its work is accomplished almost automatically, and its installation is cheap—for the roughest ground needs no levelling, and a stream or river can be crossed without the help of a bridge. It will no doubt come into extensive use for the conveyance of minerals and other commodities over rough country, where the making of a railway would involve a far larger outlay.

The alleged death from eating tinned salmon will no doubt cause a great deal of uneasiness in many minds, for the canned meat trade has of late years attained vast dimensions. Indeed, there are many out of the way places where the inhabitants, if they can afford meat at all, are entirely dependent upon that imported in tins, so that we may assume that many thousands of persons are, and have been for some time, in the constant habit of partaking of these preserved meats. From time to time chemists have detected in the contents of these cans traces of the lead and tin with which they are coated, or which enter into the composition of the solder with which they are joined together. Thus in 1878 the *Chemical News* published the results of analyses of a tin of lobster, one of apples, and one of pineapple—the two first being found to contain something less each than one grain of dissolved tin, and the pineapple rather more than one grain per pound of food. More recent analyses of nearly every kind of tinned provisions, including even sardines and condensed milk, show that some descriptions contain a far larger amount of dissolved tin than that just stated. In spite of these statements we must hold, in the face of the enormous consumption of these tinned foods, and the very few cases of illness or death which have been alleged to be due to their use, that they must be wholesome. It must also be remembered that long before such viands came into common use they had been constantly employed on board ship without any complaints as to their whole-some qualities.

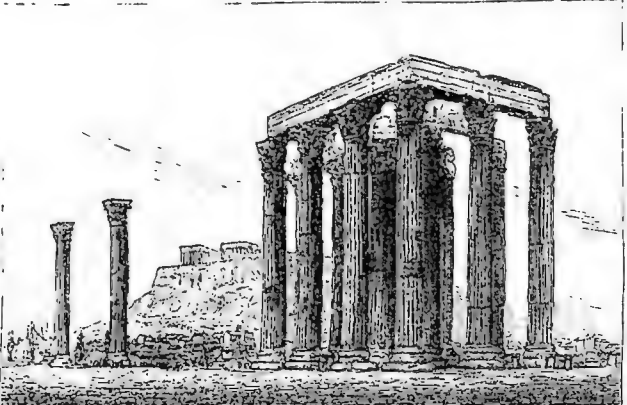
There is just now a great demand for a good electrical battery. Although within the past few years many kinds have been patented, and many have gone through the sensational paragraph stage and have been heard of no more, nothing has been found so effective as the old-fashioned Grove and Bunsen cell. Secondary batteries we leave out of the question, for they require certain plant before they can be charged for use, and such plant is at present only available at places few and far between. What is wanted is a good serviceable primary battery, capable of doing more than the old-fashioned types, without their noxious fumes, and at a small percentage of the cost of maintenance which they entail. When such a battery is forthcoming, every house will soon be provided with its electric motor, to give energy to all sorts of labour-saving machines during the day, and to furnish light at night; every boat will be propelled by electricity instead of steam, and a new era for electricity generally will dawn.

According to published reports of the trial of a new battery to light a Pullman dining-car on the Great Northern Railway, the invention of Messrs. Holmes and Burke, a great advance has been already made. The battery, which measures four feet in length by eight inches in breadth, and eight inches in depth, furnished the necessary electricity for six Swan lamps, which afforded a bright and perfectly steady light. Zinc and carbon plates are used, and the exciting fluid is represented by a chemical which costs only one-eighth of the chemicals hitherto used for the same purpose. We are also told that the inventors express a belief that by their system they will be able to supply the electric light for private houses for less than the estimate put forward by the Edison Company. A battery for supplying eighteen lights for the same number of hours would weigh about 3 cwt. We shall be glad to hear more of this invention which, if all be strictly true which is reported of its performance, is certainly a great advance upon previous contrivances.

A new fire-damp detector, the invention of M. Body, has been tried, it is stated, with successful results. It consists of a Davy lamp, connected with an electric bell. The bell is held in check by a cotton thread, soaked in some chemical preparation, which takes fire within the lamp when the surrounding gas exceeds a certain



OLD CORINTH AND THE ACROCORINTHUS



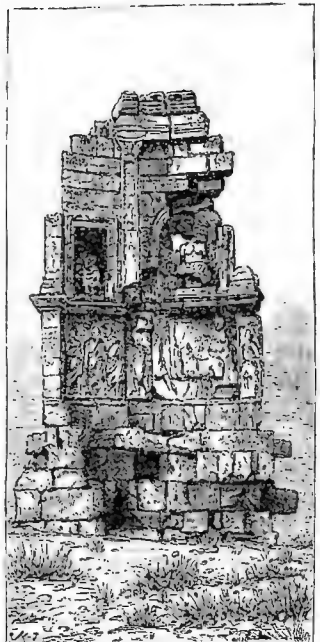
TEMPLE OF JUPITER, ATHENS



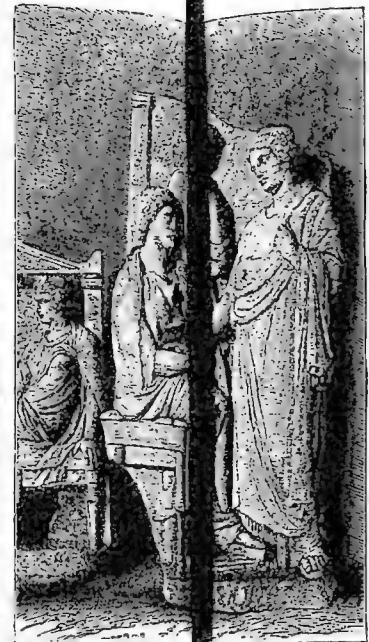
THE PARTHENON, ATHENS



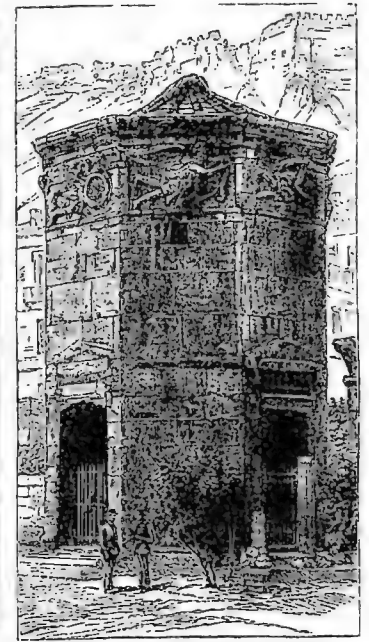
ERECTHEUM, ATHENS



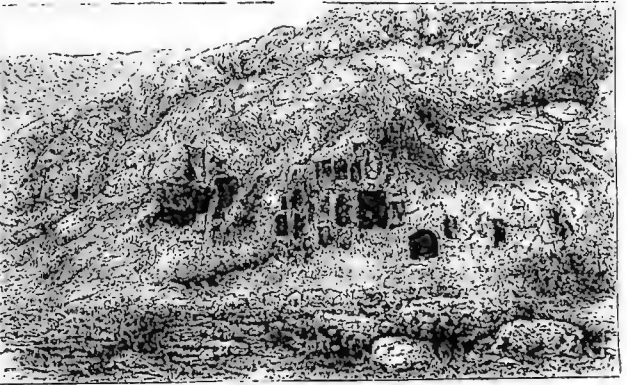
MONUMENT OF PHILOPAPPUS, ATHENS



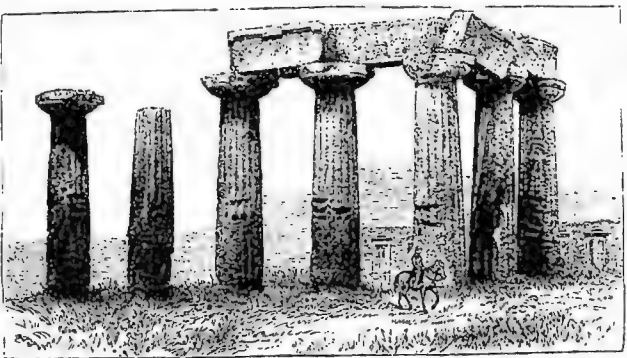
TOMB FROM THE CERAMICI, ATHENS



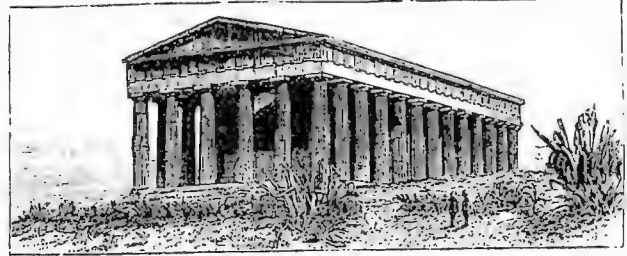
TOWER OF THE WINDS, ATHENS



NICHES FOR VOTIVE OFFERINGS ON THE SACRED WAY TO ELEUSIS



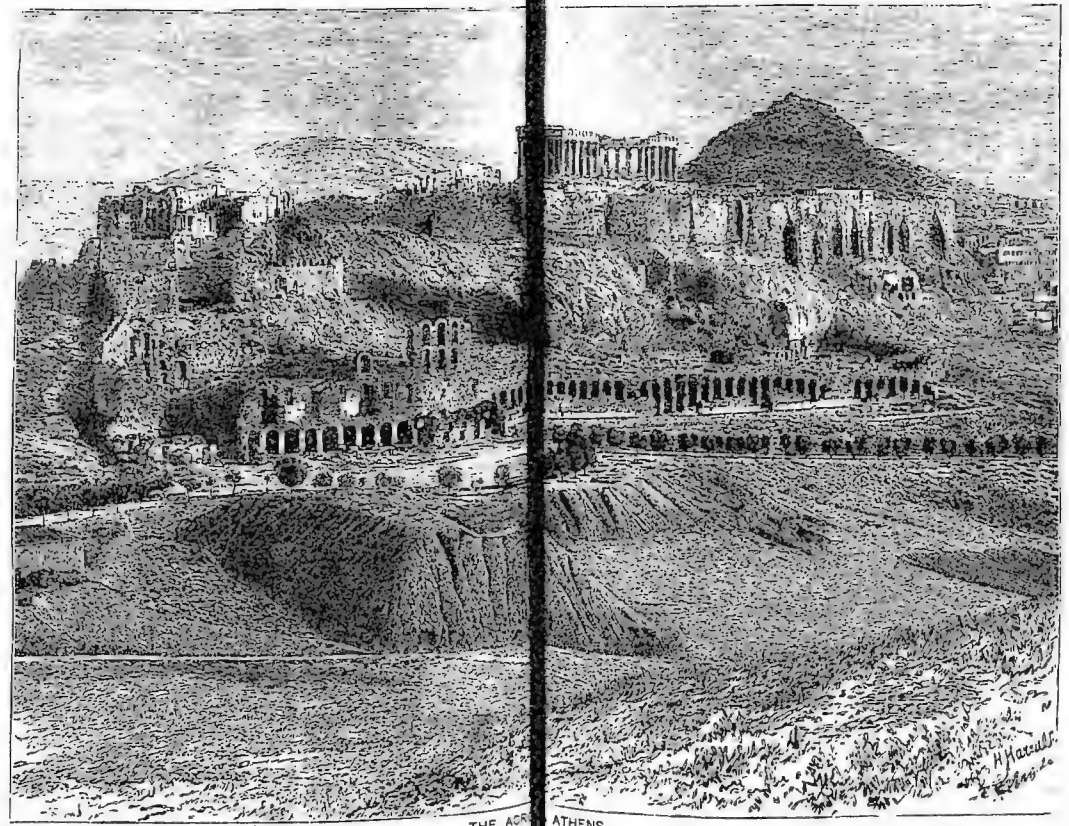
TEMPLE OF CORINTH, FROM THE MONUMENT OF PHILOPAPPUS



TEMPLE OF THESEUS, ATHENS



TOMB-STONE IN THE CERAMICI, ATHENS



THE ACROPSIS, ATHENS

percentage with regard to the air. When the thread is fired, a catch is released, which completes the electrical circuit, and so rings an alarm.

In spite of such inventions as the above—and there are now a great number of contrivances for giving warning when the fire-damp assumes dangerous proportions—accidents in mines have not become less common than of old. Mr. John Brown, Professor of Mining at Mason Science College, Birmingham, in commenting upon the recent terrible loss of life from explosions of fire-damp, points out the oft-repeated but little regarded fact, that the Davy lamp is not safe under certain conditions which may easily obtain. Davy himself knew that the lamp would fire the gas, if moved through a "fiery" atmosphere with great rapidity. The danger has much increased since Davy's time, for the more thorough ventilation of the extensive workings of modern days, has the effect of moving the gas-laden air with dangerous velocity past the lamps. It is to be hoped that the handsome offer by Mr. Ellis Lever of 500*l.* for a really efficient lamp will be the means of producing what is required. The conditions upon which this prize will be awarded were published some months ago in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*.

Since the early part of this year experimental trials of Andrews and Parker's process for purifying sewage have been going on at Beckton with apparently good results. The number of gallons operated upon has been 80,000, which forms but a small proportion of the ninety million gallons daily flowing into the subterranean reservoirs at Beckton. The process is briefly as follows:—the sewage by the action of water is reduced to a dark liquid of most offensive odour. It is then treated with a stream of water charged with ground clay, caustic soda, sulphate of iron, and hydrochloric acid, which after precipitation of the solid matter held in suspension, causes the supernatant water to flow off into the Thames clear, colourless, and odourless. The residuum is kiln dried, and converted into a valuable manure. Whether the system will succeed when tried on a larger scale remains to be proved, but all will agree that it is "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The Aluminium Crown Metal Company has been formed to work the patents of Mr. James Webster, of Birmingham, who some time since discovered a means of producing the useful metal aluminium at a far cheaper rate than has hitherto thought possible. Aluminium is a white metal, and is as abundant an element as oxygen, but as it never occurs native, but has by complex processes to be won from its original clay, its price, about 5*s.* per ounce, has hitherto restricted its use to the manufacture of scientific instruments where extreme lightness is required (its weight is but one third that of silver), and to the purposes of the jeweller. It will now doubtless come into more extended use, but apparently not so much in its pure state, as in the form of an alloy. Mixed with copper, zinc, tin, &c., it forms an alloy, giving properties not otherwise attained, and suitable for purposes so widely different as a screw propeller and a piano wire. Under the name of Bismuth bronze, a metal is produced by the aid of aluminium, which has great tensile strength, will resist atmospheric action, and even strong acids and alkalis, and which is eminently adapted for a variety of purposes.

T. C. H.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A Sacred Cantata by J. S. Bach, entitled "Thou Guide of Israel," is the most recent publication of Novello's "Original Octavo Edition." The English version is by the Rev. John Troutbeck, D.D. This work is well worthy the attention of cultivated amateur or professional choral societies, and would prove of interest and short enough for the first part of a concert at Christmas-tide. It consists of a solo for tenor, a solo for bass, one chorus, and a chorale; the whole performance would not occupy half an hour. Of the music we need only say that it is worthy of its great composer. The Rev. J. Troutbeck has done his work well.—A Festival Anthem, "O Be Joyful in God," by James J. Monk, is appropriate for a choir of male singers only. There are two long solos for a tenor or soprano; the choral writing is good, more especially an unaccompanied quartet, which is very effective.—"A Study of Charles Gounod's Sacred Trilogy, *The Redemption*," by Joseph Goddard, is a very elaborate and lengthy analysis of this grand work; it should be read by all who would appreciate the subtle meaning and the profound depth of religious sentiment which characterises this great composition from beginning to end. Mr. Goddard is evidently deeply impressed with the grandeur of his subject, to which he does ample justice.—Nos. 23 and 25 of "Original Compositions for the Organ" consist, the one of "Three Pieces in F, D, and G," by Luard Selby, the other of "Six Miniatures," by Oscar Wagner. Both sets are very excellent in their way, the latter are the more original of the two.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—One of the most popular songs of the season is "The Owl," written and composed by Messrs. F. E. Weatherly and Stephen Adams; it is always a sure encore, especially when sung by the composer; there is a vein of quiet humour in the words of this song.—By the same poet as above are the rollicking words of "Highwayman Jack," set to spirited music by Herbert Reeves; this song is published in C and in D, and will take well at a musical reading.—A quaint and piquant song of medium compass is "Waggon Bells," written and composed by Miss D. Blomfield and Mrs. Lynedoch Moncreiff.—"Only Once More" is a sentimental love song, the words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, the music by Frank L. Moir.—A very charming and characteristic song for a tenor is "The Promise of Love" (A Seville Love Song), poetry by Hamilton Aidé, music by William Fullerton; this has only to be heard to become a universal favourite.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three songs of more than average merit, written and composed by M. E. Winchester and Sydney Hardcastle, are: "Thy Dear Face" and "We'll Meet, Dear, Once Again," of the broken-hearted lover school, and "The Only Life For Me," a cheerful song of the sea in 6-8 time (Messrs. Reid Bros.).—"Waltingford Weir," written and composed by E. Oxenford and T. H. Morgan, is of that somewhat hackneyed type the offspring of "Twickenham Ferry." There is a certain tuneful swing in it which will please at a people's concert (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—A merry little song for a soprano is "Lips that Beguile," written and composed by Popsie Rowe expressly for Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, who sang it on more than one occasion; the music is bright and sparkling (Alfred Hays).—Young folks will be very glad to meet with their old acquaintance, "Whittington and His Cat," arranged as a School Cantata, which may be easily put upon a drawing-room stage; the properties required may be made at home, and the dresses are very simple. The libretto is by A. H. Foxwell, the music by Josiah Booth; the former is neatly versified and easy to learn; the latter is tuneful, will catch the ears of juvenile singers, and not require a large amount of teaching from the elders (Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons).—A "Romanza" for violin, with accompaniments for pianoforte and harmonium *ad lib.*, by D. R. Munro, is a smoothly-written and melodious drawing-room piece (J. and W. Chester, Brighton).—"Vive la Joie," a duet for the pianoforte by D. R. Munro, is a spirited and brilliant Galop-Fantasia, suitable for after-dinner performance (Edwin Ashdown.)



MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in "Fortune's Fool" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), has performed something like the reverse operation to that upon which was based the story of "Frankenstein." Instead of creating a monster, Bryan degrades a human being into one, who becomes in his turn the tyrant and evil genius of his master. The novel is at once romantic and psychological, without any affectation of that reticence in which authors of less imaginative wealth have agreed to take refuge. Indeed it must be admitted that Mr. Hawthorne has given Pegasus his head a little too freely throughout, and in some portions a great deal. In spite of a motive consistently maintained, "Fortune's Fool" has all the effect of a dream, in following which the reader very quickly loses all capacity for surprise. The most startling incidents occur as if such things were matters of course, and coincidences are treated with so complete a contempt for all the ordinary circumstances of human existence that to speak of them as being more or less probable would be beside the mark altogether. On the whole, it is best to regard the novel as an attempt to lay certain extreme aspects of human nature wholly bare, by ignoring all the conditions of bodily and mental life that hide them from actual view. As a dream, set free from every sort and kind of fetter or limit, the novel must be praised for a recklessness that in dramatic workmanship could only be condemned. Nothing seems real—the characters are not men and women, but personified passions, brought at every turn into violent collision. More suitable to ordinary and healthy taste are certain occasional episodes of pure description, as, for instance, in a delightful passage where we are brought into the inner life and mind of the American Indian. Never before has that ethnological problem, the red man, been treated with such insight and sympathy. Over the whole work is spread the atmosphere of a peculiar philosophy, with which the reader must bring himself more or less into harmony before he can bring himself into fellow-feeling with his author: that is to say, a certain mystical theology must everywhere be read between the lines. "Fortune's Fool" appears to be written without the least regard to the conditions of popularity no less than of ordinary existence. But it is none the worse for that, and it is to be hoped that a sufficiently large public capable of enjoying an occasional riot of fancy has not yet ceased out of the land.

"Forbidden to Marry," by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is of the nature of a commonplace book, thrown into connected form by one who has at her fingers' ends all the features of Lancashire and Cheshire life some generations ago. The girls' school, the mantua-maker's establishment, and so forth, may well be accepted as faithful pictures, so far as such can be produced by the combination of tradition and imagination. Mrs. Banks has often done stronger work by employing a more interesting centre for her old-world social and domestic details than this demonstration that young people's love affairs are best let alone by their elders. Nor is this lack of central and dramatic interest compensated by any special interest, apart from their effect of truthfulness, in her series of loosely-connected sketches. The incidents are mere episodes, of which any might be omitted or altered without the slightest injury to the rest, so that the novel cannot be regarded as a successful piece of construction. There was no need whatever, for instance, to send the heroine to school, or to apprentice her, or to bring the old lady who traded in furs (an excellent piece of portraiture, by the way) into an adventure with robbers. The one connecting motive is the invariable mischief arising from the attempts of prudent fathers and mothers to thwart their children's inclinations: and even this argument might with the utmost ease have been made to turn the other way. The mischief is never made to seem inevitable. It need hardly be said that the novel is well written; but it certainly wants backbone.

A story, with its scene laid to a considerable extent in a Cathedral Close, calls up visions of Deans, Canons, and their womankind, and perhaps even a Bishop; and it was hardly worth Mrs. Eiloart's while, therefore, to make her ecclesiastical *localité* a stage for the love and money troubles of the families of a draper and an ironmonger. The title of her novel, "Was It Worth the Cost?" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is a question asked concerning the draper's daughter, as to her conduct in throwing over the son of the ironmonger in consequence of financial difficulties. It must not be supposed, however, that Mrs. Eiloart's tradespeople are of the ordinary type to be met with in country towns. They keep shops, it is true, but are otherwise people of fortune and position, who mix with the best society both at home and in London, so that their callings are of as little consequence as their neighbourhood to a cathedral. In short, there is little more reason for any of Mrs. Eiloart's incidents and characters than for those of Mrs. Banks, while her interest is more completely confined to the expansion of a not very striking anecdote into a disproportionately long story. The heresy is on the increase of supposing that any narrative, however tame and pointless, will serve as a peg whereon to hang characters, and that any characters will do to put into any story. We cannot think that Mrs. Eiloart asked herself the all-important question whether her story was interesting in itself, or her characters worth describing. For the rest, the novel is without prominent faults, and not otherwise than pleasant to read.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS IV.

WHILE many followers branch out of the track first trodden by Miss Kate Greenaway, that artist herself holds firm to the style by which she made her reputation, and her drawings of this season are better finished and just as charming as ever. Her prim, short-waisted damsels and quaintly-dressed children exactly suit the old-fashioned flavour of those favourites of our grandparents' youth, "Little Ann" and the other Original Poems by Jane and Ann Taylor (Routledge) which in their present tasteful garb may well win a later lease of popularity. But why in such a refined specimen of colour-printing mar the effect by a staring yellow fly-leaf? Miss Greenaway also illustrates an "Almanac" and some pretty wall calendars (Routledge), one of the latter being particularly graceful, with its twelve dancing maidens bearing the special emblem of each month. From these æsthetic prettinesses we pass to more comic and mundane infants in "A Toy Book by Phiz" (Routledge). Specially interesting to the elders at the present time, when the Phiz Exhibition has drawn fresh attention to the late artist, these drawings abound with rollicking fun for the youngsters, who will also get a hearty laugh out of the lively verse and funny pictures of A. V. Poncy's "Adventures of Captain Valentine Pimple" (Raphael Tuck) and Arthur Gibson's "March Hares and Their Friends" (Griffith and Farran). But certainly the merriest of this collection is "Three Blind Mice," from Messrs. Waterston's "Nursery Library," where Mr. Doyle's drawings are delightful. There is true unforced humour in the figures bordering each page, and the sad tale of the tailless ones is provided with the original music for little voices. Mr. A. S. Gatty has found words and music for "Robin! Robin!" from the same Library, gracefully depicted in forms of olden days, by W. S. Black. Those wishing to combine a Christmas card and a present will find a decided novelty in the "Golden Floral Series" (Walker).

Here well-known hymns and poems are elaborately got up in fringed covers and excellently illustrated in the American type of engraving. Most of the designs are by Miss Humphrey, who shows much taste and grace, but is least successful in her figures, while Messrs. F. T. Merrill and E. H. Garrett furnish the attractive sketches to the Puritan ballad, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night."

So far this season the boys have had decidedly the best of the literary good cheer, and now indefatigable Mr. Henty provides them with two more historical military narratives, "With Clive in India" and "By Sheer Pluck: a Story of the Ashanti War" (Blackie). The former especially is written in Mr. Henty's best style, and delineates with life-like touch the stirring period when British, French, and natives struggled for supremacy, the sober facts of history being leavened by the daring exploits of the hero. In the latter volume the author speaks partly from experience, and when his hero passes from the peaceful work of a naturalist in African forests to an active part in the campaign, Mr. Henty sometimes forgets the story-teller in the war correspondent. As in these days of quick passages many lads anticipate visiting their Transatlantic cousins, they will find both amusement and information in "Baggage and Boots" (Sunday School Union). Though decidedly resembling a guide-book in story form, this record of an Englishman's trip to the United States affords many useful hints.

Of a trio of volumes for girls, types of female heroism, ranging from Joan of Arc to Grace Darling, fill the pages of "The Patriot Martyr" (Blackie)—brief interesting sketches, if a little high-frown, "Madge's Mistake," by A. Armstrong, and "Hetty Gray," by Rosa Mulholland (Blackie), are attractive tales; but Miss Armstrong spoils her moral by putting the character of the father in such a light as to encourage rather than check filial disobedience. There are some agreeably natural children in "A Little Owl," by M. E. Hullah (Remington), while, to vary the sameness of English home circles, Miss Jessie Young has translated from the Norwegian of Bishop Jorgen Moe several pleasing stories of boys and girls, as "In the Pond and On the Hill" (Suttaby).

Taking a group of grave works, Mary Pryor Hack, in "Christian Womanhood" (Hodder and Stoughton), traces as salutary examples the lives of several pious but comparatively unknown women. Pretty presents for young people would be either of the tiny, tasteful volumes, "Rest for the Weary," with its collection of texts and hymns, and "Diamond Settings," extracts from St. Paul's writings, selected by "J. H. R." (Johnstone Hunter), or for smaller readers, the brief Scripture sermonettes, by the Rev. R. Newton, "Pearls from the East" (Longley), which is nicely illustrated. Secular stories are arranged in the same form in "Winning Words" (Longley), and similar brief anecdotes, in large type, appear in "The Child's Own Story Book" (Wells Gardner), with its graceful pictures by T. Pym. Fairies and animals are the chief personages of the wintry prose and verse of "Snow Dreams" (Johnstone), by J. Saxby, also attractively illustrated.

The artistic specimens which now convey our Christmas greetings yearly grow more elaborate under the spur of competitive exhibitions, and the beautiful cards sent at this season deserve a better fate than to be crumpled and spoiled in the post. Of course, most of these cards are perfectly inappropriate to Christmas, save as regards mottoes and verses, for only a very scanty number depict wintry and seasonable themes. All, however, are excellently designed and executed. To deal first with Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's selection, highest in artistic merit stand Miss Alice Haaver's prize representations of the love-sick maids in *Patience*, a veritable dream of fair women, and a highly-finished example of colour-printing. Tasteful also are the fourfold screens, adorned either with landscapes by Maurice Page, or pure white flowers by Ernest Wilson. Miss K. Sadler's roses are thoroughly natural, and some of the most graceful floral designs are the studies of field grasses, M. E. Duffield's waterside flowers, and Miss Weiss's spring blossoms on silver backgrounds. Among the figures, E. K. Johnson draws three bewitching damsels, and J. Ralston an appropriate pair of skaters, while W. J. Hodgson furnishes some capital humorous scenes. It is difficult indeed to decide between these and Mr. Raphael Tuck's contributions, which grow more tempting every winter. But while suiting the popular taste for beautiful flowers and bonny faces, Mr. Tuck does not forget the really seasonable cards, and we find here more snowy scenes, holly, and robins than in any of our other packets. Plush and fringed cards, however, are his great *specialité*, either in book form, or the "Good Luck" horse-shoe, as dainty-tinted sachets, or ornamented with a tiny mirror. The flowers on satin, the groups of ferns, and the fourfold screens are specially charming, but the most novel are the small easels supporting a picture, and the sepia etchings. The companion portraits of the Royalist and Puritan maidens are very bewitching amongst the figures, and there are plenty of animals and merry children to please the little ones. Some very pretty cards and calendars also come from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, though here there is no very great originality of design. Children and floral groups furnish the chief subjects. On the other hand, the quaint, antique-looking cards from Messrs. Faulkner, of Manchester, are decidedly out of the ordinary, with their cream, parchment-like ground and flourishing letters and borderings. They seem a page culled from some ancient manuscript. And as American Art is now so appreciated on this side of the Atlantic, we naturally expect a good deal of the cards brought out by Messrs. Prang, and imported by Mr. A. Ackermann. One special feature is the beauty of the backs, while the poetry is particularly well chosen. Birds are most prominent—notably two charming sketches of sea-fowls; graceful flowers are plentiful, and among the prettiest designs are a figure of Jack Frost, some brilliant-hued autumn leaves cut out in natural shape, with a card attached, and the tiny fringed Japanese screens ornamented with landscapes. Most gorgeous of all, however, are the large flower-painted satin sachets, elaborately adorned with fringe, cord, and tassels in refined colourings—quite a handsome present. After all these it is hardly fair to look at the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge's Scripture Scripture reward cards, but surely the Society might aim at a higher rendering of sacred art now that so much care is bestowed on the veriest baby's picture-book. The Religious Tract Society's contributions of Christmas, Birthday, and Text cards are much better, as though a few are gaudy, the majority are fairly tasteful, while the verses and texts are well chosen. The supply from the Sunday School Union are of similar character and merit. Mr. A. Baird, of Glasgow, sends some novel Scotch cards in which our friends across the border are depicted in their national costume, and the verses are in homely Scotch dialect. Mr. Baird sends also some "congratulatory" cards prettily printed in pink or buff and silver, on which the senders can write their names.

A new game for children is always a boon at Christmas, and "Merry Matches" (Wyman), will not only amuse small playmates, but keep them quiet into the bargain. The bridal couples are all familiar nursery characters, and the game closely suggests the time-honoured diversion of "Old Maid."

Birthday books are somewhat worn to death, but the idea of "Birthday Flowers" (Chatto and Windus) is ingeniously treated. Devoting a flower to every day of the year, W. J. Gordon sings of their meaning, &c., in commonplace verse, while Viola Boughton entwines the blossoms in graceful garlands if the colouring is not always strictly true to Nature.

"The Fairy Album" (Marcus Ward and Co.), with thirteen novel and original designs from Fairyland, is a photographic album, with illuminated borders and mounts. It is an admirable specimen of printing in colours.

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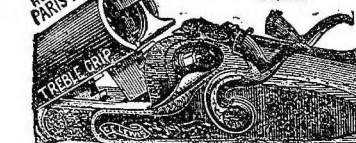
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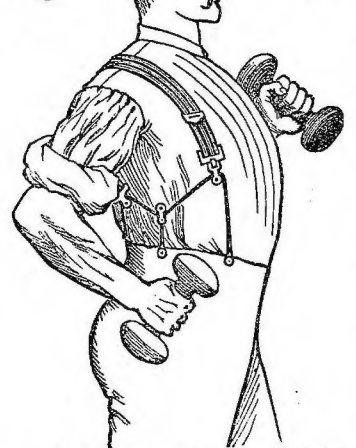
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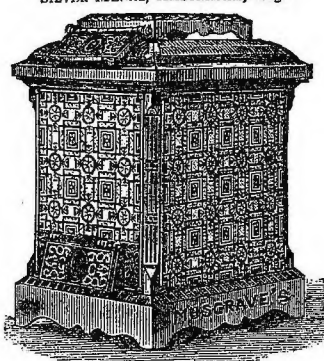
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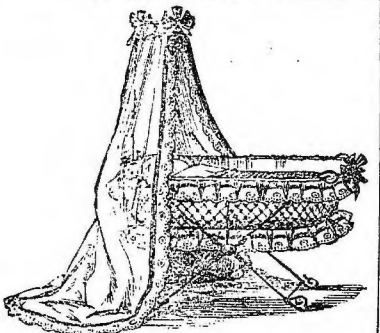
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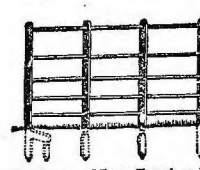
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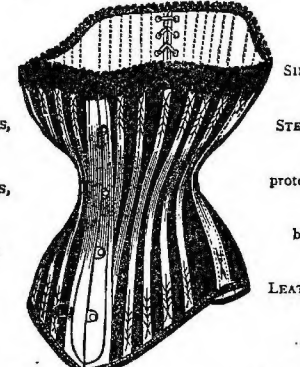
LEATH and ROSS, HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

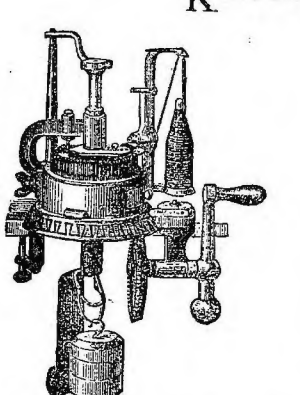
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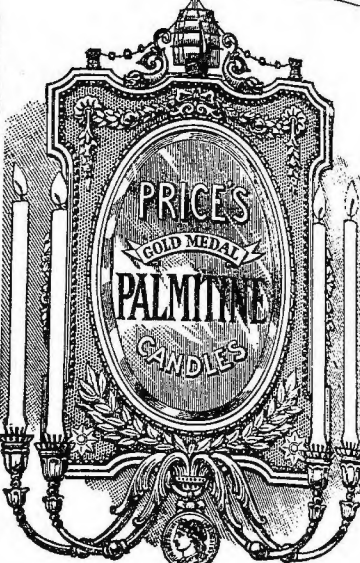
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BONES, STEELS, protected by LEATHER.
The GREAT ADVANTAGE of this PATENT is that the most vulnerable parts of a CORSET have a protecting facing of the Finest Leather, which, to a remarkable degree, increases the durability and strength, besides being a great additional support to the wearer. The great demand for this Corset, and its well merited success, have caused several spurious and worthless imitations to be offered to the public. Ladies are therefore requested to see that each pair is stamped BROWN'S PATENT "DERMATHISTIC" on the Busk. To be obtained from all respectable Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the Kingdom, through the principal Wholesale houses. Price from 5s. 11d. to 21s., in all colours.

GRISWOLD'S STOCKING KNITTER.

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Printed for the proprietors, at 12, Milford Lane, by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—NOVEMBER 24, 1883.



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M. Suez also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Tooth-brush, made of the finest badger-hair, and his **ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE** for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

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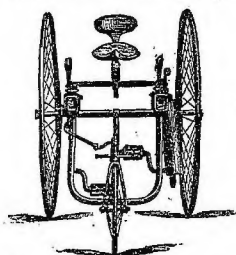
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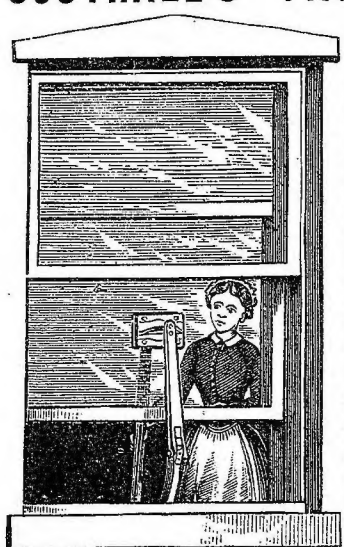
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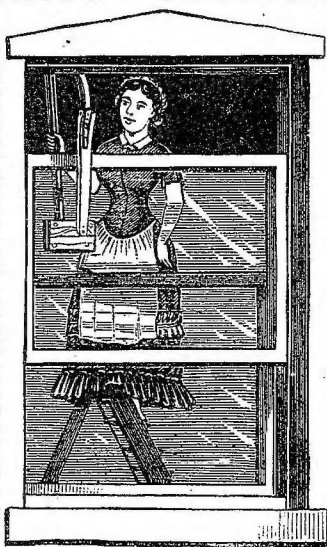
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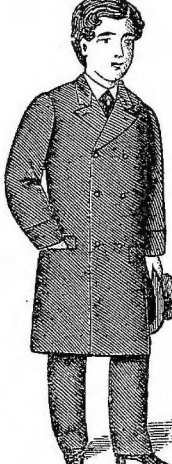
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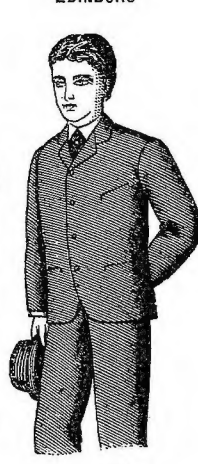
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